GALFRED AND JUETTA;

OR, THE

ROAD OF NATURE.

A TALE,

IN THREE CANTOS.

BY THE LATE THOMAS BRERETON, ESQ.

Sic et similes universi videmur. PLIN. Hist. Nat.

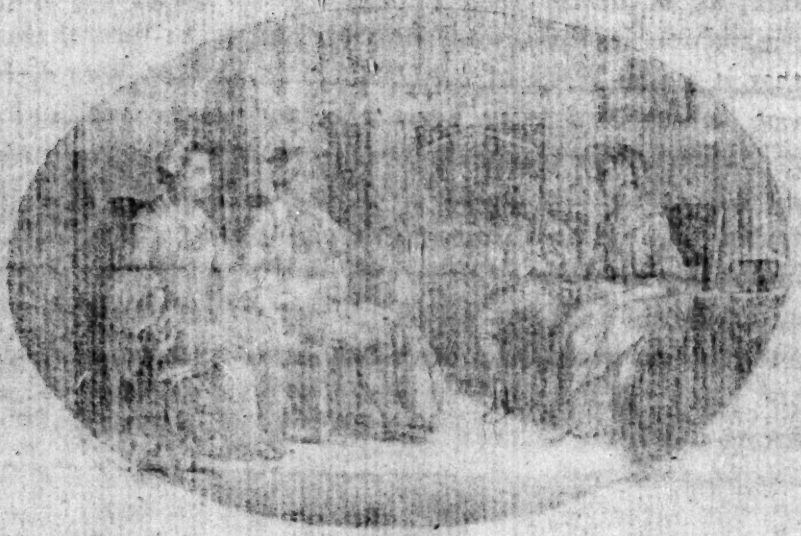
Nocte dieque suum gestare in pectore testem. JUV. Sat. III.

LONDON:

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, and sold by S. BLADON in *Paternoster Row*.

M DCC LXXII.

BRITISH MUSEUM



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Publiſher of this Poem is very ſenſible, how inſignificant and preſuming it would be to ſay any thing in Commendation of any Compoſition that is offered for the Entertainment of the Publick; being ſatisfied, if it proves ſo, it will find the Approbation of much better Judges, who will candidly allow of his Deſire to communicate any thing that he hopes may deſerve their Acceptance, as well as to do Juſtice to the Merit of any Production, tho' it may not have the Sanction of any celebrated Name for its Author to introduce it to the partial Favour of the Town. However, as he thinks himſelf obliged to do all he can for its Satisfaction in this Point, he is permitted to inform them, that it is the Work of no Hackney or Modern Writer, but was written near forty Years ago, and is the poſthumous Production of THOMAS BREREWOOD junior, Eſquire, of *Horton, Bucks:* A Gentleman then known, among Perſons of Genius and the beſt Taſte, to have poſſeſſed peculiar Talents in the Lyrick Way of Writing; and to have been greatly eſteemed and diſtinguiſhed for his uncommon Strain of Wit and Humour in the Deſcriptive Way, in which he characterized and painted Nature, which he ſtrictly followed, in the moſt ſtrong and lively Colours, and with the greateſt Warmth of Imagination.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE FIRST CANTO.

Introduction (1). *Account of* GALFRED'S *Family* (19). *Description of* Galfred Hall *and Gardens* (45). *Married to* JUETTA, *the Widow of a neighbouring Knight* (90): *Her Temper and Diſpoſition* (116). HILDA, *her Waiting Woman, her Character* (176). MURDAC, *chief Manager of the Country Affairs: Account of him, and his little Daughter* CLARA *by his deceaſed Wife* (198). HILDA'S *View to marry him.* HUBERT, *an active young Fellow, chief Manager of Domeſtick Affairs: Character of him* (222). *Deſcription of the Summer Houſe* (268). HILDA *and* HUBERT *walking, ſhe, to ſerve him a Trick, appoints to meet him at Six that Evening in the Summer Houſe: they part* (280): HILDA *returns to the Houſe; finds* CLARA *in the Farm Yard: Deſcription thereof* (308). *Deſcription of the Parlour* (352). *Dinner over, and Company gone, as* GALFRED, JUETTA, *and* CLARA, *are ſitting in the Parlour, an odd Accident puts them all into a ſtrange Combuſtion* (362). *All quiet again. The Clock ſtrikes Six; and* HILDA, *mindful of her Aſſignation, repairs to the Summer Houſe* (440). *Deſcription of the Evening, and threatening Storm* (452). *Meets* HUBERT *there: opens the Door: then locking him in, returns to the Houſe* (464): *Goes into the Kitchen, where* GALFRED'S *Labourers were all met: Deſcription of them* (486). GALFRED *and* JUETTA *ſup* (522). *She enquires for* HUBERT: HILDA *excuſes his not being there, by ſudden Illneſs. The Night coming on: it blows and rains hard* (548). *A ſudden Alarm from a Rapping at the Wicket; where, upon opening, they find* OSWALD, *who gives them an Account of a ſtrange Apparition and Diſturbances at the Summer Houſe, which puts them all in a terrible Conſternation. Account of* Galfred Hall *being long troubled; and the haunted Room* (594). GALFRED, *and the reſt, ſit about the Fire talking of Spectres,* &c. *till they retire to Bed* (610). *The Tempeſt increaſes, with Thunder and Lightning* (658). *While all in Bed, a freſh Diſturbance ſtrikes them with Terror: Accounted for by the Adventure of* EUSTACE *and* MAUD *in the Kitchen* (680). *Calm again* (700).

GALFRED AND JUETTA.

THE

FIRST CANTO.

'TIS known, by all Records of Fame,
That Men and Manners are the ſame:
That all the Animal Creation
Are in a juſt Subordination:
And all before, and ſince, the Flood,
Were made, like us, of Fleſh and Blood:
Tho' Men and Women, of all Sizes
And Conſtitutions, love Diſguiſes,
Theſe *Prudence* only did invent,
For Nature ſtill will have it's Bent.
This, *Hiſtory* evinces well,
And good *Tradition*, too, can tell.
But as of Grain, from Meaſures ample,
A Handful is enough for Sample,
So, from the Maſs of *Nature's* Store,
A few will ſerve to ſhew her Pow'r:
And here's a Tale, your Shelf may keep,
At Random taken from the Heap:

Within the Wilds of *Kent*, renown'd,
For *Wealth* and *Yeomen*, all around,
Far diſtant in a Vale retir'd,
For richeſt Paſture much admir'd,

There liv'd a *Farmer* old and bald,
And honeſt GALFRED was he call'd;
From worthy *Pedigree* deriv'd
When *Norman* WILLIAM firſt arriv'd,
Whoſe Anceſtors did make a Shew
Some ſeven Centuries ago,
When *Champions* dar'd, for Love or Right,
In *Tilts* and *Tournaments* to fight,
When *Glory* was the only Bait
For Men of *Rank* or *high Eſtate*,
Who from *Portcullis* iſſu'd forth
To ſhew their *Valour* and their *Worth*,
And, clad in *Steel*, in dreadful *Battle*,
With hardy Blows did thund'ring rattle.

But as by *Folly* or *Miſdeeds*
Some loſt their *Lands*, and ſome their *Heads*,
For fear of being quite bereft,
He wiſely manag'd what was left,
And rightly choſe for his Retreat
His moated old paternal Seat,
In which the *Veſtiges* were ſeen
Of *Living*, that before had been.

The *Structure* large, without, around,
With lofty *Battlements* was crown'd,
Which ſpreading Ivies Shades ſurround.
A *Buttreſs* here and there ſupports
The mould'ring *Walls* that front the Courts,
With narrow *Caſements*, that admit
The glimm'ring Light as thro' a Slit.
When enter'd thro' the *Porch*, is plac'd
A ſpacious *Hall* with *Trophies* grac'd,
Whoſe *Oaken Sides* ſuſpended bear
The *Helmet*, *Shield*, and pointed *Spear*,
And Heads of *Stags*, with *Antlers* wide
Extending large on either Side;
With various *Arms*, in Order hung,
That ſhew'd from whence the GALFREDS ſprung.

Hence, ſev'ral Ways, the Entries lead
To various Rooms, for Uſe decreed,
Whoſe Ornaments of *Gothick* Taſte
Profuſely ſpread, with Gloom o'ercaſt;

The *Panels* ſmall, the *Chimnies* wide,
With monſtrous *Maſks* on either Side:
Above, the maſſive *Beams* extend,
With pond'rous Bulk, from End to End,
O'er which, with *Modes* of *antique Caſt*
The Chambers of Repoſe are grac'd.

Within the *Garden*, which was ſmall,
Inclos'd with partly *Hedge* and *Wall*,
In various Ranks of Order grew
The *Holly*, *Bays*, and baleful *Eugh*;
Where flow'ring *Shrubs*, of rankeſt Kind,
The narrow-border'd *Alleys* lin'd;
And crowded *Trees* projecting, made,
With unlopp'd Growth, a *ſolemn Shade*.

To mark the *Center*, ſtood alone
A *lumpiſh Figure*, carv'd in Stone,
Whoſe *Giant* Form, with hideous Grace
And *Aſpect grim*, adorn'd the Place
Ill ſuited, in a *Baſon* fix'd
With *Spawn* of *Frogs* and Duckweed mix'd.

Here GALFRED took the Morning Air
To free his *Lungs*, and baniſh *Care:*
And here, by *Sev'nty* Years of Quiet,
From *Company*, *Debauch*, and *Riot*,
He now became, by frugal *Care*,
The moſt ſubſtantial *Farmer* there.

With *Eaſe* and *Plenty* pamper'd long,
Old GALFRED found himſelf yet *ſtrong*;
And *fond*, as *Dotards* often are,
To *get* or find a hopeful *Heir*,
Reſolv'd to change his future Life,
And form'd the Project of a *Wife*:
But careful not to bring *Diſgrace*
To blot the *Honour* of his *Race*,
He choſe in Prudence, as was right,
The *Widow* of a neighb'ring *Knight*.
The *Lady*, *handſome*, *plump*, and *ſtraight*,
Might ſtill *unruly Thoughts* create,
And being *warm* in *Diſpoſition*
Ill reliſh'd firſt the *Propoſition*;
For tho' her *Virtue* was *rever'd*,
It was by *Inclination* ſteer'd,

And Rumour ſpread, do all ſhe cou'd,
Nature wou'd follow, ſtill, her Road,
Which made it *irkſome* to engage
With *fumbling Impotence* and *Age*;
And being neither *old* nor *young*,
Cou'd hardly brook the *Smell of Dung*;
But, fond of *Wealth* and *Power* too,
Reſolv'd to live as *Ladies* do,
And as the *Stock* cou'd not *degrade*,
The *Jointure* fix'd, the *Match* was made.

Juetta, ſo this Lady's Name,
Was of a nice and tender *Frame*;
Who, in her former Huſband's Days,
Muſt always have her *ſettled Ways*,
And, by *habitual Love* of *Eaſe*,
Had really got a ſtrange *Diſeaſe*,
Which *none* cou'd tell us what to call,
Unleſs it were *Hiſterical*;
A motly *Ail*, of *Mirth* and *Sadneſs*,
Of *Folly*, *Dumps*, of *Flights* and *Madneſs*,
Of all *Diſtempers* moſt ſevere,
For *all*, in *this*, at once appear.

Sure *Women* all, from *laſt* to *firſt*,
Are fated to be moſt accurſt.
'Tis hard to ſay what *Ills* perplex
And perſecute the *Female Sex*,
When Want of *Reſt*, or *Dreams*, by Night,
Diſturb, *diſtract*, *deceive*, or *fright*;
When *Appetite* is bad or dull,
Or when the craving *Belly's* full;
Or when the contradicting *Air*
Is *hot*, or *cold*, or *foul*, or *fair*;
When *Colick* gripes, or *Puppies* bark,
Or *Lights* are wanting in the *Dark*;
When, thro' the *Keyhole* of the *Door*,
The ſaucy *Wind* pretends to *roar*;
When ſimple *Dogs* preſume to *howl*,
Or—what no Creature ought—to *foul*;
When vulgar *Stinks* the *Noſe* offend
Of *Pitch*, or *Paint*, or *Candle's End*,
The *Maid* is call'd, to know the Meaning,
And bid to *ſmell*, or ſent to *cleaning*.

To remedy, in Caſes urgent,
Like ſuch as theſe, the moſt emergent,
JUETTA, always had, at Hand,
Fine *Surfeit Water* at Command;
And, as the Circumſtance might vary,
Good *Brandy*, Anniſeed, and *Clary*,
With *Juleps*, *Draughts*, and *Cordial Drops*,
For tott'ring *Strength*, the ready *Props*:
Tho', often, *Palliatives* like theſe
But ſerve to heighten the Diſeaſe;
And ſtrange *Emotions*, then, betray'd
Deſires — not eaſy to be laid.

With ſuch *Infirmities* oppreſt,
GALFRED, at firſt, had little *Reſt*;
But found it vain to croſs her *Will*,
As *Woman* wou'd be *Woman* ſtill:
And therefore, rightly, acquieſc'd
In all ſhe ſaid and did, as *beſt*:
Hence, *mutual Liberty* enſu'd,
And *each* their fav'rite Schemes purſu'd.
JUETTA nothing was debarr'd,
But, ever, his Indulgence ſhar'd:
No eager Fancy was deny'd,
But all her Wiſhes — ſoon ſuply'd:
While GALFRED's woollen Cap became
Familiar to the gentle Dame,
Who, chearfully prepared the Phyſic
To eaſe his *Cough*, and help his *Phthiſick*.

HILDA, a fair, but wanton Jade,
Was choſe to be JUETTA's Maid,
A merry, artful, coming Laſs,
As pliant as the yielding Graſs,
Who never ſcrupled to comply
With any *Motion* — by the By;
Who, to procure her Miſtreſs' Grace,
Cou'd change the *Muſcles* of her Face,
Do as ſhe pleas'd, or *wrong* or *right*,
And boldly ſay, that — *Black* was *White*:
In all her *Secrets*, *cloſe* and *ſly*,
Cou'd *fawn* and *flatter*, *weep* and *lie*.
Nor was her *Artifice* in vain
Her *Maſter's Favour* to obtain;
For when his latent *Warmth* aroſe
From *Beauties* HILDA did expoſe;

As when her *Breaſts*, thoſe *Snares* of *Love*,
Did tempt his *Hands*, by ſtealth, to *rove*,
The harmleſs *Dalliance*, well ſhe knew
Wou'd bring *Eſteem* and *Profit* too:
But HILDA's Views much higher roſe,
As by and by we ſhall diſcloſe.

In GALFRED's Service, there was one
MURDAC by Name, a perfect Clown,
Whom, twenty Years before, he hir'd
To do the Bus'neſs he requir'd,
And, as a *Huſbandman* profeſt,
Preferr'd him much before the reſt;
But ſaw no farther than his *Noſe*,
And gath'ring *Muck*, — no higher roſe.
His Wife, a blooming Wench, was made
By Favour, too, a *Dairy Maid*;
And RUMOUR ſaid, the rampant Huſſy
Had been with GALFRED much too buſy:
Howe'er it was, ſhe prov'd with Child,
And CLARA was the Infant ſtil'd:
But as untoward *Fates* decide,
Within the Month the Mother died:
Whether — by nat'ral *Inſtinct* mov'd
The prattling *Girl* he, dearly, lov'd:
And now, the little CLARA grown,
They treated, *both*, as if their own.
By Ways, like theſe, Men often live,
And this made MURDAC rich, and thrive;
And, therefore, HILDA thought it beſt
To feather well, by him, her *Neſt*.

Now, to proceed, in Thread of Story,
And lay wild *Nature's Pranks* before ye,
'Tis fit we mention HUBERT here,
An arch young *Wag*, as will appear,
Who, by his *Induſtry* and Spirit,
Had gain'd much Confidence and Credit,
Was *Brewer*, *Serving Man*, and *Steward*,
Paid all the Bills, and all procur'd;
Made the *Metheglin* and the *Perry*,
To warm their Hearts, and make them merry:
Cou'd *ſhoot*, and *courſe*, and lay a *Snare*
For *Partridge*, *Woodcock*, *Snipe*, or *Hare*:
Was late and early, often, out
To *troul* for *Jack*, or *whip* for *Trout*:

Knew how to break a *Horſe* or *Dog*,
Cou'd geld a *Lamb*, or kill a Hog;
In ſhort, in ev'ry thing of uſe—
But *rattling*, *giddy*, *wild*, and *looſe*;
By *Nature* form'd in ſuch a *Faſhion*
As hard to bear a ſtrong *Temptation*;
Well qualify'd, alike, to give
Impreſſions, he did oft receive:
For many *Girls*, about, did prove
The *Feats* that he perform'd in *Love*;
And many a *ruddy Boy*, in Haſte
Wou'd *d'off* his Cap, when HUBERT paſs'd.

But HILDA's Charms did moſt inſpire
The *ardent Embers* of *Deſire*;
With *eager Warmth* he made his *Suit*
To gain her by his warm Purſuit,
For well he knew the ſkittiſh *Puſs*
Did love to *toy*, and *romp*, and *buſs*:
And true it is, if known her Mind,
To HUBERT ſhe was moſt inclin'd,
But *Int'reſt* ſway'd the crafty *Baggage*
To mind her *Paces* well, and *Carriage*,
And, therefore, all his *Arts* defy'd,
In hopes of being MURDAC's Bride;
For well ſhe knew, that ſilly *Oaf*
Cou'd never miſs—*a ſlice from Loaf*;
Yet teas'd by HUBERT, o'er and o'er,
To recommend her *Virtue* more,
And ſtop Purſuits, at ſuch a Time,
Which, afterwards, ſhe thought no *Crime*,
She fram'd, by *Genius Politick*,
This ſubtle *Bait*, but jilting *Trick*.

Weſt of the Garden Wall, there ſtood
A *Summer Houſe*, upon the Road,
Which, *Dungeon*-like, without, expos'd
A *Building* ſquare of *Flints* compos'd,
Whoſe gaping *Joints*, their *Cement* gone,
Were, with the vary'd *Moſs*, o'ergrown;
Within, on *Cobweb Walls*, appear
A Crowd of *Diſtichs*, here and there,
With Dates of *Years* in ev'ry Place,
And Names of GALFRED's ancient *Race*;
Now, unfrequented, dark *Abode*
Of *Spiders*, *Bat*, and crawling Toad.

Near this, as HUBERT, once, was walking
With HILDA round the *Waiſt*, a talking,
He puſh'd ſo far his *briſk Approaches*
(As *Love* encourag'd, oft *encroaches*)
That, doubling Strength, at laſt, ſaid ſhe,
" HUBERT — no more — our Thoughts agree;
" A faithful *Love* deſerves *Regard*,
" And *yours* ſhall find its juſt Reward:
" But, as you know how much I fear
" The *Conſequence*, ſhould *ought* appear,
" Have *Patience* till the *Night* comes on;
" I'll meet you here at *Six* — alone —
" When, if you'll promiſe to be *civil*,
" And tempt me not to any *Evil*,
" Wee'll to this *Summer Houſe* repair,
" And ſpend an Hour, together, there;
" But now, dear HUBERT, let me go,
" For I have *Buſ'neſs*, yet to do."
HUBERT, whoſe *Heart* with throbbing panted
For promis'd *Joys* he ſo much wanted,
Reply'd,—" My Dear, 'tis now I find
" My gen'rous HILDA *good* and *kind*;
" Rely on me,—and never *fear*,
" Be you but *punctual*,—I'll be *there*."
This *ſaid*, her *roſy Lips* he *kiſs'd*,
And on her riſing *Boſom* preſs'd,
When, fearing, *both*, a longer Stay,
They, *parting*, took a diff'rent Way.

As by the *Farmingyard* ſhe went
(On her miſchievous *Project* bent)
That ſweet Aſſemblage of Delight,
So pleaſing to the raviſht Sight,
Where, on the *Dunghill*, proud, at *Morn*,
The Cock turns up the Barley Corn,
And *clucking*, calls, with ſtrutting Air,
His feather'd *Family*, to ſhare:
The *Pigs*, on Heaps of Straw, are lying,
And *Pigeons* from the *Dovehouſe* flying;
The *Ducks*, and *Ducklings* waddling a'ter,
With *Geeſe*, are ſporting on the Water:
Where brindled *Cows* are eating *Fodder*,
And BLANCHE is ſtroaking of the Udder:
While *Thumps* of Flail, repeated, *warn*
That HODGE is threſhing in the Barn:

With *Stacks* of *Wood*, and *Ricks* of *Hay*,
And *Hovels* thatch'd the Country Way:
(That *Seat* of *Innocence* and *Health*,
Of *honeſt Labour*, *Joy*, and Wealth;)
The little CLARA, here, ſhe ſpies,
With *gaping Mouth*, and *ſtaring Eyes*,
Amaz'd to ſee — in rampant Mood
A *Bull* and *Cow* — near where ſhe ſtood;
Who ſeeing HILDA come, in Haſte
She ran, and clinging round her Waiſt,
With little *Fingers*, pointing *yonder*,
Bid her *behold* — the *ſtriking Wonder*;
On which ſhe quickly, with *Surprize*
And ſtrong *Attraction*, fix'd her *Eyes*,
'Till having ſeen the whole *Tranſaction*,
Was now diſpos'd — to *move* to *Action*,
And taking CLARA by the *Hand*,
Who, *longing*, wiſh'd to underſtand
The Meaning of this *wond'rous Sight*,
(For *Wonders* Children much delight)
Along they paſs'd: — While CLARA's Prattle
Was, ſtill — the Subject of the *Cattle*:
For all her Search, in vain, *deſcry'd*,
Why *Cows* with *Double Tails* did *ride*;
Which HILDA — by *th' Impreſſion* blinded
Of *cogent Nature* — little minded:
And thus, at length, they gain'd the Houſe,
Unſeen by GALFRED, or his *Spouſe*.

The *Parlour*, where they both had din'd,
With *ancient Portraitures* was lin'd,
Where *flat* and *pallid Tints* betray'd
The *Infancy* of *Light* and *Shade*;
Yet *awful* look'd, with *rev'rend Mien*,
In Gothick *Garb*, — with GALFRED's *Chin*;
Upon the *chequer'd Glaſs* appear'd
The *blazon'd Coats*, with *Colours* ſmear'd;
And, here and there, where *Daylight peep'd*,
The *tendrill'd Vine* luxuriant *crept*.

'Twas now the Time, when, after Meals,
The *Nerves* are *brac'd* and Belly *ſwells*,
That with *October* fill'd, and *Plenty*,
Not *One* is *eaſy* found in *Twenty*:
When *Stock* of *Farms* are bought and ſold,
And all the *Jokes*, and *Stories*, told:

With bloated *Faces*, *red* with *quaffing*,
Some *yawning* ſtretch, and ſome are puffing;
The *Pipes* all out, and *Dinner* done,
And all retir'd, one by one,
Thro' *dirty Ways*, to reach their *Houſes*,
With *Liquor* ripe — to vex their *Spouſes*;
The *Viſiters* withdrawn.—Now, *Diet*
With *heavy Lids*, diſpos'd to Quiet,
When GALFRED, in his *Eaſy Chair*,
Repos'd at large from *Pain* and *Care*;
Where, when he had enjoy'd his *Nap*,
With CLARA ſitting on his *Lap*,
She ſtroak'd his *Beard*, and 'gan to tell
The *Wonders* in the *Yard* befell.
On *perching Stand* the *Parrot* ſate,
And on the *Chimney's Side*, the Cat;
JUETTA, as the Time was fitting,
Had laid aſide her *Work* and *Knitting*,
And made the *Coffee*, to diſpel
The *Fumes* ariſing from the *Meal*;
When, 'fore the *Fire*, as DUCHESS ſtood,
The faireſt of *King* CHARLES's Brood,
And POMPEY, one of GALFRED's Pack,
Was mounted, *wriggling*, on her Back,
A *Spark* flew out, by Deſtination,
Between the *Parts* of *Proc******n:*
Away the yelping *Creatures* flew,
And all the *Crock'ry* overthrew,
With *Tables*, *Chairs*, and, by Miſhap,
The *Coffee* — in JUETTA's Lap.
JUETTA ſcream'd, the *Parrot* bawl'd,
Old GALFRED laugh'd, and CLARA ſquall'd;
With *Laughter*, GALFRED's *Cough* provok'd,
He 'd very near, indeed, been choak'd;
While poor JUETTA, out of Wits,
Had like t' have fallen into *Fits*.
The *Dogs*, with Madneſs, tear about,
Increaſe the *Clamour* and the *Rout*:
The *Uproar* louder, brought, at laſt,
HUBERT and HILDA down, in Haſte:
GALFRED, the firſt requiring *Aid*,
His *Collar* burſt, they *back* his Head,
His *Boſom* bare — 'till, by Degrees,
The ready *Lambative* gives Eaſe:
JUETTA, next, their *Cares* demand,
By Helps, judiciouſly, at Hand;

The *Cordials* brought were ſoon apply'd,
Or elſe JUETTA, ſure, had dy'd:
But now, the *Fright* and *Terror* over,
Her *Spirits*, ſoon again, recover,
And, as their *Forces* grow more ſtrong,
Add *Spring* and *Vigour* to her *Tongue:*
What, firſt, her *Paſſion* moſt increas'd,
Was *Virtue* wrong'd — by *filthy Beaſt.*
MURDAC was call'd a ſtupid *Lout,*
For letting POMPEY go about;
HILDA could hardly 'ſcape her Clutches,
For not ſecuring little DUCHESS;
And GALFRED too, among the reſt,
Was blam'd, for *laughing* at the *Jeſt.*
HUBERT alone, from *female* Blindneſs,
Eſcap'd her *Tongue*, and ſhar'd her Kindneſs.
At length, none making a *Reply*,
Her *Anger* leſſen'd. — By and by
The *Room* was *mopp'd*, the *Scene* was chang'd,
And ev'ry thing in Order rang'd;
Freſh *Coffee* made. — They found their *Speech*, —
And CLARA ſtroak'd the *little Bitch:*
Good Humour, thus, return'd again,
(That *ſweeteſt Charm* in *Grief* or *Pain*)
And GALFRED's with JUETTA's chime,
Who in *Backgammon* paſs the Time.

HILDA, meanwhile, had not forgot
The dire Contrivance of her Plot.
The *Clock* erect, by GALFRED's Side,
For fifty Years had never lied;
Wound up by his obſervant *Care*,
(A *Preſent* to the *future Heir*)
Had, with delib'rate Strokes, pronounc'd
The Hour of *Six* — the *Time* denounc'd;
When miſſing HUBERT — gone before —
She paſs'd, on *Tiptoe*, thro' the Door,
And, ſlily, tripping on with Speed,
Soon reach'd the deſtin'd Place agreed.

The Sun was ſet, the Air was bright,
The *purple Clouds* were ſtreak'd with *Light*;
While in the *Weſt*, with *pallid Grace*,
The *Silver Moon* diſplays her *Face*;
Serenely *calm*, the *Winds*, till now,
With whiſp'ring Breezes *ſilent* blow.

But — like Viciſſitudes of *Life*,
Now balmy *Peace*, now *Noiſe* and *Strife* —
The ruſtling *Leaves* are fan'd around;
The *Swallows* ſwiftly ſkim the Ground;
And ſpreading *Clouds*, that threat'ning *low'r*,
Portend a quick-approaching *Show'r*.

Hubert, who ready, there, before,
Expected Hilda, near the Door
Within his Arms receiv'd the *Maid*,
And Thanks, in eager *Kiſſes*, paid.
" Haſte, Hubert, cries the treach'rous Quean,
" The Rain comes on, and we are ſeen;
Then, op'ning ſtraight, with thruſting Knee,
She puſh'd him in, and turn'd the Key.
Rejoic'd at Heart, away ſhe hied,
While Hubert " Hilda, Hilda!" cry'd,
And thunder'd with repeated Might,
While, hallowing loud, *ſhe* bid — " *Good Night*;"
Holding her Sides, with Laughing pain'd,
And ſcamper'd faſt, becauſe — it *rain'd*.

Return'd; — within the *Porch* ſhe reſts,
To ſhake her *Cloaths*, and wipe her Breaſts:
Where, for a While, ſhe ſtrains her Wit
For ſome *Invention* of Deceit;
But ſoon contriv'd a *Lie*, to cover
The Abſence of her *limb'd Lover*:
When meeting Berno, come from *Ditching*,
She went with him — into the *Kitchen*.

Here Galfred's *Labour'rs* all were met,
To reſt their *Limbs*, and wipe their *Sweat*:
A boiſt'rous *Crew* of rough-hewn *Hinds*
With *tawny Skins*, and *ſtupid Minds*,
Who, long inur'd to daily *Toil*,
Contract the *Colour* of the *Soil*:
The *Wenches* too, tho' better *Mould*,
Were ſomething *maſculine* and *bold*,
With coarſe red *Arms*, and ſunburnt *Faces*,
With *ſheepiſh Looks*, and *awkward Graces*,
Well ſuited *thoſe*, we *juſt* did mention,
In *Shape*, in *Features*, and *Dimenſion*:

And here too, — *Nature*, oft — they ſay,
Did *move*, tho' in a *dirty Way*:

Which seem'd, in Truth, to be most *likely*,
As Eustace look'd at Maud — *obliquely*,
And had not Hilda, then, been there,
Might *steal* his *Hands* — I know not *where*.
Thus while some *drinking*, some a *smoaking*,
And others with *Horse-laugh* a *joking*,
Murdac, who just was come from *Fair*,
And sitting, *great*, in *Elbow Chair*,
With *Can* on *Knee* of homebrew'd Drink,
To Hilda, *grinning*, tipt the Wink;
On her Approach, with *chimſy Jeſt*,
He ſlipt a *Topknot* in her Breaſt
Which Rose perceiv'd — that little *Baggage*
Who fed the *Magpie* in the Paſſage,
And, whiſp'ring, told about the Place
How *ſlily* Hilda tapt his Face.

But not, of trifling Things, to *chatter*,
As *Authors* do — to make up *Matter*,
Leave we the *ruſtick Churl* a *gnowing*,
And *Luncheons*, ſpread with Raſhers, *pawing*;
For Hilda, call'd by Clara, left 'em,
And of her Company bereft 'em.

The *Clock* went *Seven*: — Juetta thought
It *Time* for *Supper* to be brought:
And as a *little* will *ſuffice*
For *Lady's Stomach*, that is nice,
She order'd, quickly, be prepar'd
The *Larks* that Hubert had *enſnar'd*;
And (as for his *Digeſtion* beſt)
To get her *Huſband's Sagoe* dreſt:
But wonder'd Hubert did not come,
To lay the *Cloth*, and clear the *Room*;
When Hilda, ready at a *Lie*,
With *Confidence* ſoon made Reply,
That Hubert, much with *Pain* oppreſt,
Deſir'd Excuſe, to take his Reſt:
Juetta who, as ſaid, from *Blindneſs*,
For Hubert had a *Sneaking Kindneſs*,
Strait bid her from her *Chaſt* bring
The *Cordial Balls* of *Doctor King*,
And *twenty Grains*, in *Sack*, to give him,
Which, *on her Word*, would ſoon relieve him.
Hilda, who never miſs'd t' improve
By any *Hint*, the *Cauſe* of *Love*,

With ready Steps her *Will* obeys,
And took, with Speed, the *Bunch of Keys*,
Well pleas'd with this invented *Flam*,
And treated MURDAC with a *Dram*.

The *Night* advanc'd, the *Wind* grew high,
And black'ning *Clouds* obſcur'd the *Sky*;
Impetuous *Guſts* their *Bodies* rend,
And *Deluges* of *Rain* deſcend.
The *Shutters* ſhut, and *Doors* ſecur'd,
They bleſs their *Safety*, thus enſur'd;
And, *ſnug* within, lament the Fate
Of *Travellers* expos'd ſo late.—

Now, from the *Wicket*, next the *Yard*,
A ſudden rapping *Noiſe* is heard,
Which all the Houſe, at once, ſurpriſes;
Old GALFRED ſtarts, JUETTA riſes:
The *Lanthorn* lighted, ſally out
The *ſtouteſt* of the *Peaſant Rout*,
But all *abreaſt*, and much *aghaſt*,
For fear the *Devil*—take the laſt,
And op'ning *Wicket*, found, at *Gate*,
Poor OSWALD, ſous'd like drowned Rat;
Who ſaid, and look'd moſt ſore affrighted,
That, on the *Road*, by Chance *benighted*,
As 'bout the *Garden Wall*, around
He paſs'd, in coming from the *Pound*,
Such *Shrieks* and *Noiſes* he did hear,
As if the *Devil* himſelf were there;
That, after, meeting on the *Way*
With BALDWIN with a *Load* of *Hay*,
He told him, too, with great *Surpriſe*,
He 'd ſeen a Bear, with *Saucer-eyes*,
Juſt by the *Summer Houſe's* Door,
Who laſh'd his *Tail*—with *hideous Roar*;
Then *diſappear'd*, as Tom could tell,
And left a moſt *ſulphureous Smell*.
How often *Men* are on the *Brink*
Of *Terrors*, while they little think!
And where's the *Hero*, in the *Night*
So *bold*, as nothing will *affright*;
Or would not chooſe to be ſo *civil*
To run away—before the *Devil*?
In OSWALD's Caſe had CÆSAR been,
He might, perhaps, the *ſame* have *ſeen*.

The ſtrange Account, to GALFRED told,
Made poor JUETTA's *Blood* run *cold*;
And little CLARA, dead with Fear,
Crept *cloſe* to GALFRED's *Eaſy Chair*;
While HILDA, who no *Tittle* miſs'd,
Aſide did *laugh*, almoſt *b*p*ſs'd*.

Now, true it was, tho' *Stories* doubled,
That *Galfred Hall* had long been *troubled*:
And *ſome* there were who freely talk'd
That, even GALFRED's *Father* walk'd,
With *griſly Beard*, and *Viſage gruff*,
With *Truncheon* arm'd, and plaited *Ruff*;
In *Dead* of *Night*, was ſeen to come
In what they call'd — the *haunted Room*:
And all the *Servants*, *young* and *old*,
Had, often, thro' the *Hundred* told,
That *Noiſes* ſtrange were *nightly* heard,
With which their *very Wits* were *ſcar'd*,
Like bandy'd *Tables*, *Beds*, and *Chairs*;
And *Chains*, as *dragging* down the *Stairs*:
That, even now, they're ſo much *daunted*,
They dare not paſs the *Room* was *haunted*.

No Wonder then, what OSWALD ſaid
Should make them all ſo much afraid:
And *ſo* it was — that drawing *nigher*,
And cov'ring *cloſe* the *ember'd Fire*,
Their whole *Diſcourſe* did turn on *Viſions*,
Of *Spectres*, *Ghoſts*, and *Apparitions*.
MURDAC and HILDA, by Permiſſion,
On this Occaſion had *Admiſſion*;
While all, *attentive*, ſate to hear
Of *Stories* told, that made them *ſtare*;
For GALFRED, oldeſt of the *five*,
Knew more than any Man alive,
And, by implicit *Faith* aſſiſted,
An Hour talk'd, and ne'er deſiſted,
Of *Witches*, *Wizards*, *Elves*, and *Fairies*,
That plagu'd *Mankind* with ſtrange Vagaries;
Of *Will o' the Wiſps*, that often lighted,
To *Ruin*, *Travellers* benighted;
Of *Goblins*, *Taliſmans*, and *Dreams*,
Enchanted Caſtles, Woods, and Streams;
Of whate'er had, or had not been,
And what he *ſwore* himſelf had ſeen;

While *gaping*, with Attention ſtrong,
They watch'd the *Motions* of his Tongue,
'Till now, almoſt with Terror dead,
They, *none*, did care to go to Bed.

But GALFRED's Hour of *Reſt* approach'd,
Which no *Concern* had e'er encroach'd,
And therefore to his *Chamber* paſt,
While pretty CLARA held him faſt:
The *Bed* was warm'd, the *Pillows* laid
To raiſe the higher GALFRED's Head;
The *Spitting-pot* was plac'd, well *rinſed*,
And by his *Side* a *Jug* of *Linſeed*;
As, by JUETTA's *Arm*, a *Cup*
Of *Cordial*, if requir'd, to ſup.
HILDA, in *Hurry*, help'd the faſter
Undreſs her *Miſtreſs* and her *Maſter*;
When poor JUETTA laid her down
To *ſnore*, with *Impotence*, on Down,
Both faſt *tuck'd* up, as well as able,
And *Ruſhlight* plac'd upon the *Table*,
HILDA and CLARA then took Leave,
CLARA ſtill holding by her Sleeve,
And to her *Chamber*, ſtrait, repairs,
Which lay another Pair of *Stairs*,
Where into *Bed* they quickly *crept*,
And in each other's *Arms* they ſlept.

Now, *Floods* of Rain in *Cat'racts* pours,
And louder ſtill the *Tempeſt roars*;
Dread *Thunder* rolls; and *Light'ning* flies,
With *forked Death*, along the Skies;
And echoing *Peals*, at Diſtance, ſound,
With glaring *Horror*, all around;
To which ſucceeds, with horrid Din,
A furious rumbling Noiſe within,
As *Hell* itſelf, in *Rage*, broke looſe,
Had ta'en *Poſſeſſion* of the Houſe,
And all the *Fiends*, in *Battle* wag'd
With dire *Attack*, had juſt engag'd:
The *Pewter* from the *Shelves* was thrown,
And *Pots* and *Kettles* tumbled down;
Terror and *Dread* increas'd throughout,
The *Ruſh* burnt blue, and ſtrait went out:
JUETTA trembling lay, and wet;
And GALFRED 'tween the Bankets ſweat:

So great their Fear, alike they ſtrove,
By lying *cloſe*, to ſhew their Love,
Tho' now indeed, they little thought
Of Pleaſures — more than *Safety* brought.

Here, to account for this great *Evil*,
'Twas *Nature's Self* that rais'd the *Devil*:
For, as we hinted juſt above,
EUSTACE and MAUD were *hot* in *Love*;
Which *ſhe*, with equal *Wildfire* burn'd,
As *kindly anſwer'd* and *return'd*,
And ſo, by mutual *Inclination*,
Agreed to quench by — *T*t*ll*t**n*.
Now, as ingenious *Love's* Invention
Is *quick*; — to favour his Intention,
By odd *Contrivance*, MAUD, G*d bleſs her,
Was mounted, *cover'd*, on the *Dreſſer*,
Where, in the Height of boiſt'rous *Motion*,
Enſu'd this dreadful, rude *Commotion*;
For, with her *Legs*, ſhe *overthrew*
The *Pewter*, *Braſs*, and *Pipkins* too:
The *Diſhes* roll'd the L**d knows whither,
And *down* they *tumbled*, *both*, together:
Undaunted, yet, upon the *Floor*
They finiſh'd *that* — began before.

Now, *Nature*, by its *Laws* impell'd,
Was *calmer* grown — her *Paſſion* quell'd:
Our *loving Pair* below, thought beſt
Juſt where they fell — to take their Reſt;
Above, JUETTA and her *Spouſe*
Turn'd *Back* to *Back*, as ſtill as Mouſe,
And *ſunk* in *Quiet*, ſlumb'ring lay,
In pleaſant *Dreams*, till *Break* of *Day*:
All *calm* without, *ſerene* and *bright*
Diſplay'd the *Moon's* refulgent Light.

The END of the FIRST CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE SECOND CANTO.

Day-break (1). *A Reflection* (17). *Account of the Employments of* GALFRED'S *Labourers in Farming* (33). *The Sun being riſen,* HILDA, *recollecting the leaving* HUBERT *in the Summer Houſe, riſes, and haſtens thither to let him out* (49). *Deſcription of the Morning* (67). *Finds the Door open, and* HUBERT *gone* (74). *Account of* HUBERT'S *Deliverance, and his Adventures in the Night* (91); *in the Barn with* LUCY (117). HILDA *returning frighted, meets with* HUBERT *by the Moat* (151); *tells him the Excuſe ſhe had made, for his Abſence, to* JUETTA. *They repair to their ſeveral Apartments before the reſt are up. All riſe, and breakfaſt* (199). *Farther Deſcription of the Farm Yard* (223). *The Morning hot.* GALFRED *walks out alone to ſee his Labourers* (269). JUETTA *deſires* HUBERT'S *Arm to walk in the Garden* (273). *Farther Deſcription of the Garden* (281). *Sitting together there,* JUETTA *opens her Mind to* HUBERT (297), *but is interrupted by* HODGE *coming to mow the Graſs* (347). *Returns to the Parlour, much diſcompoſed. Reflection* (359). MURDAC, HILDA, *and* CLARA, *walk to* Lewiſham *Fair* (373): *Deſcription of their Walk, and the Fair* (383). *They leave* CLARA *at her Aunt's, and return.* MURDAC, *much in Liquor, on the Way, drags* HILDA *into a lonely Hovel; importunes her to a Compliance with his Deſires; and promiſes Marriage afterwards* (431). *To ſatisfy him, ſhe appoints him at Five that Evening; which he miſtakes for Five in the Morning* (449). HUBERT *accidentally being there, under Covert, overhears all* (489). MURDAC *and* HILDA *depart, taking ſeveral Ways.* HUBERT *watches them.* HILDA *gets home; is careful about her Miſtreſs, and gets her Dinner* (511). *Deſcription of Mid-day* (533). MURDAC *reeling on, ſtaggers at a Hayrick, and falls aſleep till near Five, miſtaking the Time of Aſſignation* (543); *is waked by the Braying of an Aſs; goes to the Orchard; puts off his Clothes, and clambers a Beech to lop off an Arm.* HUBERT *watching about, mindful of the Appointment* HILDA *had made with* MURDAC, *ſteals his Cloaths, and runs to her Room* (561). *By Chance* JUETTA *being in her Cloſet, that was contiguous, overhears them, and* HILDA'S *Appointment to* HUBERT *to meet her in her Apartment again at Five the next Morning* (581). JUETTA, *greatly diſordered, runs down, and, appearing violently ill, orders* HILDA *to go forthwith to* Dartford *for Dr.* KING *the Phyſician; whence, ſhe knew, ſhe could not return till next Day Noon* (623). *The Mare is got ready, and* HILDA *and* BALDWIN *ſet out* (639). *Deſcription of a fine Evening* (667). JUETTA, *pretending to be indiſpoſed, propoſes to lie in* HILDA'S *Room; to keep* ROSE *with her;—and ordering* MAUD *to ſit up with* GALFRED—*they go to Bed* (681).

THE

SECOND CANTO.

THE *Morning's Dawn*, the *Weather* clear'd,
With roſy *Streaks* of *Light* appear'd:
The op'ning *Clouds*, that ſlowly *creep*,
Admit the *radiant Sun* to *peep*,
Whence ev'ry Object *Colour* takes,
And univerſal *Nature* wakes,
But *faintly* mark'd, in *Vapours veil'd*,
The *Miſt* of *Night*—yet *unexhal'd*.

From *Beds* of *Flock*, with *ſwoll'n Eyes*,
The yawning *Clowns* begin to *riſe*;
With *blubber'd Looks*, and *matted Hair*,
For ſev'ral *Labours* now prepare;
Moſt roughly *clad* in *Jerkins* worn
Of *Frize*, by *Age* and *Briars* torn;
With *ſhrugging*, *lazy Steps* proceed
To do the deſtin'd Works agreed.

Happy *Machines*, devoid of *Thought*,
From whence our greateſt *Ills* are wrought,
Which *Apprehenſion* moſtly brings,
That Curſe of Beggars, *as of Kings*;
For *Kings* are *Beggars*—when in *Fear*,
And *Beggars Kings*—when free from *Care*:
But here, *well ſatisfy'd*, we find
Content enthron'd in ev'ry *Mind*:
Enur'd to *Labour*, *Cold*, and *Heat*,
Their *Round* of *Life* they ſtill repeat:
No *Paſſions* ſtir their grov'ling Minds,
Nor *Pain* diſturbs, nor *Project* blinds:
With *Health* and *Quiet* bleſs'd, they know
The beſt *Enjoyments* here below,
And MAUD in EUSTACE' Eye, is ſeen
As *fair*, as was the *Cyprian Queen*.

MURDAC, with ready *Fork* in Hand,
Directs the *Bus'neſs* of the *Land:*
The *Horſes*, from the *Stable* drawn,
Are *yok'd* to *Plough* at early *Dawn*,
Which EUSTACE leads to *Common-field*,
And TOM, behind, the *Ploughſhare* held:
BALDWIN conducts the *Cart*, with *Prong*,
In *Prince's Cloſe*, to ſpread the *Dung:*
OSWALD, with *Bill* in Hand, proceeds
To mend the *Hedge* in *Cowſlip Meads*;
And BERNO's ſent the *Tares* to get,
While HODGE remains to threſh the Wheat:
The reſt, to *plant*, to *ſow*, or *harrow*,
To *dig* with *Spade*, or *wheel* with *Barrow*,
To *lop* the *Trees*, or mend the *Road*,
While TIBALD tends the Sheep abroad.

Now, PHOEBUS roſe, began to clamber,
To ſhew his *Face* in HILDA's *Chamber*,
And, had he been in *human Shape*,
Might *kiſs*, and *ſhe* forgive the Rape;
For, not like DAPHNE, would ſhe quarrel
To hazard being *chang'd* to *Laurel*,
But more compliant, had beſtow'd
Her *kindeſt Favours* on the *God:*
But *wak'd*, with frighted Dreams oppreſt,
She, *ſtarting*, roſe — and, quickly, dreſt;
For recollecting HUBERT's *Caſe*,
Her *Heart* relented now apace,
And, more, to tempt him to be *Friends*,
Reſolv'd to make him *full Amends:*
When leaving CLARA 'ſleep in Bed,
She trudges down with ſofteſt Tread,
And *ſtealing* forth the *Porch* with Care,
With Freedom *breathes* the Morning Air.

The tow'ring *Lark* began his *Song*
As HILDA tript it faſt along;
Beneath, with *ſpangled Drops* of Dew
That *brilliant* ſhone, the *Herbage* grew;
The tender *Bloſſoms*, fragrant ſweet,
By *Warmth* reviv'd, the *Senſes* greet;
And chirping Birds, on ev'ry *Bough*,
The *Force* of *Nature's Dictates* ſhew;
With joyous *Flight*, and *wanton Sport*,
By *Love* inſpir'd, each other *court*,

And jointly help, by *Inſtinct* preſs'd,
To build, with *Moſs*, the little Neſt.

HILDA, the *Miſchief* to repair,
For fear the *Jeſt* had gone too far,
With great *Impatience* mends her *Pace*,
And, wing'd with *Speed*, ſoon reach'd the Place:
Advancing, firſt, with tim'rous *Steps*,
Upon the *Door* ſhe, gently, *taps*,
But finding nothing anſwer — calls:
With Blows redoubled, HUBERT, bawls:
Still no Reply. — Applies the *Key*,
And *puſhing* forward, with her *Knee*,
Bolts in — and ſtruck with *Panick Fear*,
She look'd — but found no HUBERT there.

Now, 'tis but *regular*, we venture,
To ſpeak of HUBERT's odd *Adventure*,
Who, when he found the wicked *Jade*
This *crafty*, *ſlip'ry Trick* had play'd,
And pent him, thus, like *Bird* in *Cage*,
He *beat*, and *bang'd*, and ſtorm'd with *Rage*:
Which, magnify'd in OSWALD's *Ear*,
Produc'd the *Shrieks* — and BALDWIN's *Bear*.
But when, at laſt, he found 'twas *vain*,
To make a *Clamour*, or complain,
It came into his Thoughts — to try
To *burſt* the Door, or make it *fly*:
And *groping* down, by Chance, he found
Some *Garden Tools* upon the *Ground*,
And with a *Hammer's* furious Knock,
He wrench'd the *Staple* from the *Lock*:
Forth iſſu'd, then — he ſhut the *Door*,
And left it *cloſe* — as 'twas before.

The *Storm* and driving *Rain* that beat,
Adviſ'd, for *Shelter*, ſome *Retreat*;
And paſſing by, the ſhorteſt Way,
Where, by the *Moat*, the *Rook'ry* lay,
A *Barn* there ſtood, by *Time* decay'd,
Wherein a *gaping Breach* was made,
Part hid with *Weeds*, and *Nettles* rank,
That, *choaking*, grew upon the Bank.

Here, HUBERT ent'ring, thought it *beſt*,
'Till *Tempeſt*, ceaſt, awhile to reſt:

But, to his great *Surpriſe*, he found
The *Gipſy*, Lucy, there, half drown'd,
Who, juſt returning from the Fair,
Did there, for *Shelter*, too, repair:
Hubert, who was a *mettled Fellow*,
And Lucy, *friſkly*, *ripe*, and *mellow*,
Well pleas'd to find ſo good a *Station*,
And loth to *loſe* a fair *Occaſion*,
Agreed to paſs the Night together,
Securely *ſnug* from bluſt'ring Weather,
And *ten Foot high*, upon the Hay,
In *Dalliance* paſs'd their *Time* away:
'Twere hard, to caſt *Reflection* on her,
Since none preſum'd to *touch* her Honour;
But, *Opportunity* and *Seaſon*,
As known full well, will baniſh *Reaſon*,
And therefore chooſe not, here, to *wrong*,
Good Hubert's Strength, with ſtand'rous Tongue,
For *Men* muſt know, in ſuch a *Place*,
What they would do in ſuch a *Caſe*,
And *Women* too, how weak the *Fence*
Againſt the tempting *Lure* of *Senſe*.

The *Bed* ſo ſweet, we may ſurmiſe,
They knew not, *either*, how to *riſe*,
But, as the Morning *Light* might prove
Too *glaring*, for the *Seat* of *Love*,
Lucy no longer would refrain
To ſet her *Cloaths* to *Rights* again;
And, ſince the Buſ'neſs of the *Day*
Would not admit too much of *Play*,
Well ſatisfy'd with this *Beginning*,
She parting, *buſs'd*, and went a *Spinning*.

Return we now, as fit, again
To ſpeak of Hilda's Fright and Pain,
For, *firſt*, ſhe thought ſome dev'liſh *Spell*
Had carry'd Hubert down to *Hell*,
And thus, in *Whirlwind* borne away
By Beelzebub, his *Scores* to pay,
And therefore thought, though hard to *ſwallow*,
That ſhe in Juſtice, too, might *follow*;
On which Account, with dreadful *Fear*
She bent her Steps — ſhe knew not *where*,
'Till paſſing by the *Barn* — in *Sadneſs*,
Biting her *Thumbs* — in very *Madneſs*,

Saw, looking forwards, t'wards the *Moat*,
HUBERT, a butt'ning up his *Coat*,
And running to him, — yet, in *Fear*,
Cried, — " Oh! how glad I am you're here,
" For much I fear'd ſome dreadful *Evil*
" Had been your Lot, from *Man* or *Devil*;
" For when, laſt *Night*, thro' all the *Rain*,
" I went to let you out again,
" And found you gone, — and all the *Night*
" No *Tidings* — to relieve my *Fright*,
" No *Thought* can reach, or *Tongue* impart
" My *Grief* of *Mind*, or *Pain* of *Heart*:
" Forgive me, HUBERT, this *Excurſion*,
" Intended only for *Diverſion*,
" And as you know — for our *Repoſe*,
" 'Tis beſt to keep our *Secrets* cloſe:
" My *Miſtreſs* thinks you 're now *repoſing*,
" And with the *Doctor's Powder* dozing,
" Which, for your *Illneſs* — my *Invention*,
" She order'd *you* — in kind Intention.

HUBERT, who, in his Mind, *projected*
To be *reveng'd* — when leaſt *ſuſpected*,
Well knowing that *Diſſimulation*
Is greateſt *Friend* to Inclination;
Approving beſt — his *Thoughts* to *hide*,
With *raviſht Kiſſes* — thus *replied*:
" My faireſt HILDA, much I owe
" For *Kindneſs* your *Expreſſions* ſhew,
" And, far from Anger, well approve
" Theſe little *Sallies* of your *Love*;
" 'Tis all forgot: — Let's haſten *home*,
" You, to your *Chamber* — I, my *Room*."
This ſaid, they parted, *Arm* in *Arm*,
Free from *Suſpicion*, or *Alarm*,
And, up the *Staircaſe*, ſoon, recover'd
Each their *Apartment* — undiſcover'd.

The *Clock* ſtruck *Six*: — And CLARA, dreſs'd,
Her *Joy*, in ev'ry Look expreſs'd;
For MURDAC promis'd ſhe ſhould go
To Day, with HILDA, ſee a *Shew*:
In *Jumps* of *Gladneſs* ſhe prepares,
And trips, with HILDA, down the *Stairs*.

Old GALFRED cough'd; JUETTA ſpake;
For *both*, ſome Time, had been awake;

When enter'd, CLARA ran in Haſte,
And *both*, with fond Careſs, embrac'd:
The *Shirt*, and *Flannel Waiſtcoat* air'd,
And GALFRED's Vigour now repair'd,
From *Bed* ariſing—HILDA reaches,
With titt'ring Smiles, his *Buckſkin Breeches*,
Which GALFRED, *ſlily* bent, receives,
And *pats* her *Boſom*, as it heaves:
Equipt, and *Woollen Cap* put on,
With careful *Tread*, he *hobbles* down,
While poor JUETTA, indiſpos'd
With grievous *Headach*, longer doz'd,
And charging HILDA's ſpecial Care
Her *Maſter's* Breakfaſt to prepare,
Directed, *none* with *Noiſe* preſume
To break her Reſt—but leave the *Room*.

Now, brighter grows diffuſive *Light*,
And ev'ry *Object* chears the *Sight*,
The darting Rays with *Splendour* warm,
And *humming Bees* begin to ſwarm.
Without, the *lowing Cows* do wait
With ſtrutting *Udders*, at the Gate,
Which op'ning, BLANCHE as kindly treats,
And claps their *Sides*, and ſtroaks their Teats.
The *Hogs*, with ſnorting Gladneſs, greet
The ſtraddling Wench that brings them Meat.
And CICELY calls the *Poultry* round,
And ſpreads the *Barley* on the Ground,
Which thieviſh *Sparrows*, from the *Thatch*,
With chirping *Impudence*, do catch.

MAUD in the *Kitchen*, *Bruſh* in Hands,
Performs the Work the *Houſe* demands,
And having gratify'd her *Wiſhes*,
Had ſet to rights her *Pans* and *Diſhes*;
While LUCY, wriggling of her Heel,
Demurely ſits at *Spinning Wheel*.

JUETTA's *Headach* much amended,
Which on *Indulgence* moſt depended,
She roſe; but, *dizzy* in her *Head*,
Could ſcarce go down, by HILDA led;
But *Breakfaſt* brought, and all in Order,
It leſſen'd, greatly, her *Diſorder*,

And, tho' a little ſick at *Heart*,
Sipp'd off, of *Chocolate*, a *Quart*:
While GALFRED, better judging, fed
On good *Milk Porridge* ſtuff'd with Bread,
And thus made up, as well as might,
The *Perſpiration* of the *Night*.

HUBERT deſcending, as from Bed,
With *Nightcap* yet upon his *Head*,
With great *Reſpect*, and good *Behaviour*,
Return'd his *Thanks* for *Lady's* Favour;
While *ſhe*, by *Tokens* plain, *diſcover'd*
Her Joy, to find him well recover'd;
Extolling, as the *fineſt Thing*,
The *Cordial Balls* of *Doctor* KING.

MURDAC with *Sunday's* Coat—full long,
New *Hat*, and *Wig*—in *Buckle* ſtrong,
And HILDA, *trim*, and *neat*, and *fair*,
In *Hat* of *Straw*, with *Country Air*,
Now with the pretty CLARA walk'd,
To ſee the *Fair*—of which they talk'd.

Mean While, good GALFRED, all alone,
Went out, to ſee what *Work* was done,
And with his honeſt *Bluntneſs*, ſam'd,
Encourag'd *ſome*, and *others* blam'd.

HUBERT was taking Leave to go,
As having ſomething elſe to do;
But, at JUETTA's Suit, he ſtay'd,
And to her *Will* Obſervance paid:
When, leaning on his *Arm*, at Length,
With feeble *Voice*, and little *Strength*,
She will'd *him* to the *Garden* go,
To breathe the *Air*, an *Hour*—or ſo.

The *Sun* was hot, and, as 'twas meet,
Requir'd ſome *ſhady*, *cool Retreat*;
And ſoon they found a ſmall *Alcove*,
Obſcurely plac'd within the Grove,
Of *antique Form*, with *Lattice* dreſt,
As made for TIME *himſelf* to reſt;
Above their *Heads*, the awful *Shade*
An ample *Canopy* had made,

And all around the *Jaſmine* twin'd,
With *Woodbine's* fragrant Sweets combin'd:
The *cawing Rooks*, with circling Flight,
In undiſturb'd Repoſe delight:
Along the *Walk* the *Blackbird* flew,
To court his *Mate* beneath the *Eugh*;
And warbling Birds, in wildeſt Notes,
Securely ſtretch'd their little *Throats*.

Here HUBERT and JUETTA ſate
In free *Society*, and Chatt,
When uſh'ring in, by plain *Advances*,
With ſimp'ring Looks, and am'rous Glances,
"HUBERT," ſays ſhe, "I much approve
"Your faithful *Service*, and your *Love*:
"I freely own, that GALFRED's Years
"*Deceive* my *Hopes*, and raiſe my Fears;
"For, daily, more and more I find,
"How *weak* his *Body* and his Mind,
"And, to my *Sorrow*, often prove
"The *feeble Efforts* of his *Love*:
"Thus, all my *Pains* can hardly raiſe
"A *Hope*, to lengthen long his Days.
"But, ſhould moſt unrelenting *Fate*
"Leave me in wretched *Widow's* State,
"On *you*, alone, I can depend,
"By *active Warmth*, to be my Friend:
"Mean Time, you know the hard *Reſtraint*
"On *Woman* waits, in *all we want*;
"For, ſo *cenſorious* is the *Time*,
"We *ſcarce* can *look* — without a *Crime*:
"And as the *buſy Eye* will *watch*,
"And ev'ry harmleſs *Motion* catch,
"Our *Impulſe*, beſt 'tis to withſtand,"
(With this *ſhe*, gently, *ſqueez'd* his *Hand*)
"And carefully avoid *Reflection*,
"In finding *Places* from *Inſpection*:
"Theſe Reaſons, HUBERT, made me to *chooſe*
"This fair *Occaſion* not to loſe,
"Where, under *Covert*, one may find
"The *Pow'r* to *act* — or ſpeak one's Mind."

With this, ſhe *caſt* a *wiſhful Look*,
That with expreſſive *Ardour ſpoke*.
But HUBERT, tho' of *Fleſh* and *Blood*,
The temping Lure, with Pain, withſtood:

For being honeſt — in *Intention*,
(Eluding wiſely — by *Prevention*)
Unwilling, yet, to *underſtand*,
With humble *Mien* withdrew his *Hand*,
And thus reply'd: — " How ſhall I find
" The *Words*, to ſpeak my grateful Mind:
" Believe me, Madam, *Time* nor *Fate*
" Will ever other *Thoughts* create,
" My *Maſter's* Goodneſs ſuch, that all
" My *Services* will be too ſmall:
" But, ſhould inexorable *Death*
" Deprive him of his precious *Breath*,
" To *you* belongs the warmeſt *Zeal*
" That *Tongue* can *ſpeak*, or *Heart* can feel."

Scarce had he ſpoke, but who ſhould *paſs*,
But HODGE, with *Scythe*, to *mow* the *Graſs*;
When *riſing*, with *diſtracted Air*
Of *Diſappointment*, *Rage*, and *Fear*,
She *hobbled* back, almoſt in *Swoon*,
And on the *Couch* — ſhe laid her down.

GALFRED return'd, was on the *Border*
Of *Death*, to ſee his *Chuck's Diſorder*.
With quiv'ring *Hand* held up her *Head*,
Moſt *weighty* grown — the *Senſes* fled:
But *Hartſhorn*, by its uſual *Merits*,
In ſome *Degree* recall'd her Spirits.

As *Grief* and *Joy* alternate ſway
The *Soul* that actuates human *Clay*,
So, in this Hiſtory, we read
That unforeſeen *Events* ſucceed
To give *Vexation*, *Grief*, or *Pain*,
And then, *Delight* and *Joy*, again:
For tho' the *Wretch's Lot* appears
Severe and *hard*, for *Length* of *Years*,
The *Scene* will *ſurely change* at *laſt*,
And *Joy* compenſate *Sorrows* paſt:
Thus, turning round like Fortune's Wheel,
An Interval of *Mirth* will ſteal.
But, not to dwell on *Scenes* of Care,
Let's take a Trip to *Lew'ſham Fair*.

The *Walking* dry, and charming *Weather*,
With *Hearts* as light as any *Feather*,

MURDAC, with HILDA round the *Waiſt*,
Purſu'd the *Path* with eager *Haſte*,
While little CLARA, *wild* and *gay*,
Pick'd up the *Daiſies* by the *Way*;
Thro' *Meadows*, *Woods*, and *Fields* they paſs,
O'er clotted *Glebe*, and *Stiles*, and Graſs;
And puſhing forwards, very ſoon
They enter'd, *gazing*, *Lew'ſham Town*.

Here, CLARA was as full of *Prattle*,
As was the *Place* of *Noiſe* and *Rattle*,
For, what with *thruſting*, *fiddling*, *ſqueaking*,
There was no *hearing* well, or *ſpeaking*;
But when the ANDREW — ſounding *Trumpet*,
Was follow'd by *Queen* DIDO — *Strumpet*,
Her little *Hands* erect, and *Eyes*,
Betray'd her *Pleaſure* and *Surpriſe*:
Here, coz'ning *Chapmen*, under *Shed*,
With *Canvaſs* ſtrain'd, or *Sailcloth* ſpread,
Retail their *Tinſel Toys*, and *Laces*,
To *fing'ring Clowns* with *wond'ring Faces*;
There, *Lads* and *Laſſes*, — *kiſſing*, *laughing*,
And *Jolly Farmers*, — *joking*, *quaffing*,
While *ſtanding* ſome, and ſome on *Benches*,
Are *fondly hugging* — *ſqueaking Wenches*:
Some, *crowding*, *preſs* to ſee the *Shew*,
And others *ſaunter*, *to* and *fro*,
To purchaſe *Gingerbread*, and *Toys*,
To *munch* themſelves, or pleaſe their *Boys*,
Who *ſtamp'ring* run, as if for *Life*,
When PUNCH is beating of his Wife.
Now *rattling Drum* proclaims, the *Wonder*
Of *all the World*, is ſtanding *yonder*,
Where, on the *painted Cloth*, appear
The *Lion*, *Porcupine*, and Bear.
Some, *thronging*, *gape* to ſee the *Prank*
Of ANDREW with the *Mountebank*,
Who, round the *Stage* in *Velvet* ſtruts,
To *gripe* their *Pockets* — and their *Guts*;
While *others*, ſtretch'd on *Tiptoe*, ſtand
To ſee the *Feats* of *Slight of Hand*,
Or on the *Rope*, to view the *Jade*
Expoſe her *Legs* — for gainful *Trade*.

But were we, now, to ſearch the *Houſes*,
And tell the *Tricks* with *Girls* and *Spouſes*,

The *Gambols*, *Merriment* and *Jeſting*,
The Effects of *Liquor*, *Sport* and *Feaſting*,
In ev'ry *Corner*, ev'ry *Shed*,
Or on the *Stools*, or on the *Bed*;
'Twou'd raiſe a *Glow*, perhaps might cauſe
Too ſtrong a *Bent* to *Nature's Laws*;
Enough it is for *me*, to tell,
That MURDAC treated HILDA well;
And having furniſh'd all their *Wants*,
And CLARA left to ſtay at *Aunt's*;
He now return'd, in tipſy *Mood*,
As HILDA too, had warm'd her *Blood*.

Thus, *loving claſp'd*, as on the Way,
There ſtood a *Hovel*, made of *Clay*
With *Bavins* mix'd, *obſcure* and *low*,
To ſhelter *Cows* in *Froſt* and *Snow*;
MURDAC, with boiſt'rous *Start* of *Love*,
By *Force* compell'd her, there, to move,
Where, under *Covert*, ſtagg'ring down,
He ſpoke——and dragging of her *Gown*,
With ſtamm'ring *Utt'rance*, ſureſt *Sign*
Of raging *Luſt*, as well as *Wine*;
" My *Dear*—do—do but—do but *grant*
" The Pleaſures now, you know, I want,
" And you ſhall be my *Wife* I *vow*,
" But let me *do* it—*do* it—*now*:
" In *Country Way*, it is no *Lie*,
" We always prove, before we buy;
" And" [ſwearing] " if you'll give me *Eaſe*,
" You ſhall be *marry'd*, when you pleaſe."

HILDA, in Danger, now, of Might,
No Doubt had been in dreadful Fright,
But that the *Promiſe* made of *Marriage*
Did chaſen *Fear*, and ſoften *Carriage*;
And judg'd, for ought that ſhe cou'd tell,
A *Contract* 's beſt, with *Nature's Seal*:
Beſides, as being *Country-bred*,
Their *Ways* ran always in her Head:
She yielded to his bold *Requeſt*,
But thought, another Place was beſt;
When holding faſt her *Coats*, to guard,
And ſtruggling, his *Efforts* to ward;
" Hold MURDAC, hold" (ſays ſhe) " my Dear,
" Be modeſt—and awhile *forbear*;

" We're here *expos'd*, and may be *ſeen*
" By ſome of GALFRED's tattling *Men*,
" And with moſt horrid *Shame* be *routed*:
" I wou'd not have my *Virtue doubted*:
" Be *quiet*, let my *Cloaths* alone:"
(With that, ſhe ſtrove to keep them down)
" But as your *Love* I really *prize*
" Above my *Honour*, or my *Eyes*,
" And as I know, your *Promiſe* giv'n,
" Is good as any under Heav'n;
" Suppreſs, at preſent, your *Deſires*,
" Which *Decency*, you know, requires;
" And, if at *Hour* of *Five* you'll come,
" And ſoftly *ſteal* into my *Room*,
" I'll keep the *Window-ſhutters* to,
" That *none* may *ſee* — what *'tis* we do;
" But as my *Lady's Cloſet* joins,
" Where ſhe preſerves her *Drams* and *Wines*,
" Be ſure be *ſilent* — which *accords*,
" Better, with what we do — than *Words*;
" At preſent, let us *both* begone,
" And you'll be *better*, after *Noon*."

MURDAC contented, then aroſe,
Wiping the *Dirt* from off his *Cloaths*,
And, held by HILDA, *reeling* on,
They *homewards* went, but parted ſoon.

'Tis *ſtrange*, what Accidents arrive,
As if the *Devil* did contrive:
But often, well-concerted *Schemes*
Abortive prove, like *idle Dreams*;
And *ſo* it was. To ſolve the *Riddle*,
The *Place* was parted in the *Middle*;
And HUBERT, whom the ſultry Heat
Had much fatigu'd with *Toil* and *Sweat*,
Was in the fartheſt Part unſeen
Aſleep, when MURDAC enter'd in;
But waking, with the boiſt'rous *Noiſe*,
And knowing well his croaking *Voice*,
He kept him *cloſe*, by *Fortune* plac'd,
And *ſaw*, and *heard*, whatever paſs'd:
Inflam'd with *Thoughts* that *Chance* inſpir'd,
And with *Deſigns* projected, fir'd,
By what *Device*, might be repaid
The *Trick*, that HILDA lately play'd;

As ſoon as *gone*, he *ſallied* out,
And ventur'd *Home*, tho' *round-about*,
Reſolv'd to *watch* their *Waters* well,
And *act* according as *befel*.

Hilda return'd, as was requir'd,
Her *Head* employ'd, tho' *Body* tir'd,—
Repair'd to know Juetta's Pleaſure,
To be *hereafter* more at *Leiſure*;
Whom finding in weak *Poſture* ſate,
And *Symptoms* of *Hyſterick* State,
With frighted Looks and decent *Hurry*,
She ſhew'd her great *Concern* and *Flurry*;
Well ſkim'd the *Chicken Broth* with *Speed*,
As nothing elſe ſo well agreed,
Which *cook'd* with *Care* and *cleanly* done,
Procur'd her *Quiet*, and her own:
Soon after, *Dinner* was prepar'd,
Which only *ſhe* and Galfred ſhar'd;
But as their *Stomachs* both were *nice*,
And wanted *ſomething* in a *Trice*,
The *Food* they judg'd wou'd beſt *abide*,
Were *Petit-toes* and *Lamb-ſtones* fry'd,
Which, having heartily divided,
Juetta's *Vapours* then ſubſided;
And both, with heavy *Slumbers* preſs'd,
In *Elbow Chairs* ſoon fell to *reſt*.

Now, downward dart the hotteſt *Rays*,
To *dim* the *Sight* with glaring Blaze;
With *Waſps*, the madded Beaſts are ſtung,
And *buzzing Flies*, ſurround the Dung;
In ſhady *Barns* and *Corners* ſate,
The loit'ring *Hinds* their Morſels eat,
And *ſome*, extended on the *Floor*
At their full *Length*, profoundly ſnore;
While in the *Pond* the *Herd* abides,
And *laſh* their *Tails* to cool their *Hides*.

Murdac with ſtagg'ring *Steps* proceeds,
Where *Chance* directs, or *Vapour* leads,
Till *ſtumbling* by a *Rick* of *Hay*,
He *headlong* pitch'd, and *rolling* lay;
Here full three *Hours*, in *Sleep* profound,
His lumpiſh *Senſes* had been drown'd;

'Till, near the Time appointed, *rouſing*,
By *Aſſes Bray*—that there were *browſing*,
He recollected — by the *Warning*,
But thought it was — for *Five* at Morning;
For, being, then, exceeding *fuddled*,
And, now, his *Brain* by *Viſion muddled*,
It turn'd him *topſiturvy* quite,
And made him take the *Wrong* for *Right*:
So, ſitting up, upon his *Breech*,
And *yawning* with extended *Stretch*,
He got upon his *Legs*, and went
About his *Buſ'neſs*, well *content*.

Soon after, HUBERT, who, as ſaid,
Some *Scheme*, to *circumvent*, had laid,
Was, *ſlily*, looking all about,
To watch the *Motions* of the *Lout*:
At laſt, within the *Orchard*, found
His *Cloaths*, a lying on the *Ground*;
For MURDAC, on a *Beech*, hard by,
Was lopping off an *Arm*, on *high*;
And, while intent upon his *Blows*,
HUBERT convey'd away his *Cloaths*:
Away he ſtole, with watchful *Eye*,
Quite unobſerv'd by any *Spy*,
And to his *Chamber quickly hies*
To leave his *own* — for this *Diſguiſe*,
Which, as with *Metal trimm'd*, would ſtand
The curious *Search* of HILDA's Hand:
With flutt'ring *Joy*, the *Time* now come,
He, *ſoftly*, enters HILDA's *Room*,
Where, well *prepar'd*, with *Darkneſs* ſpread,
She lay, *expecting* — on the *Bed*.

As FORTUNE oft, that wicked *Huſſy*,
Delights to be with *Lovers buſy*,
By Chance JUETTA came to viſit,
Juſt then, her dear *Retreat*, the *Cloſet*:
The cunning HILDA, to be ſure
From all Suſpicion, and ſecure,
Had aſk'd her *Leave*, to ſee a *Neighbour*,
Who ſent t' invite *her* to her *Labour*:
JUETTA who, from ſad *Reflection*,
Then labour'd under great *Dejection*,
While GALFRED ſlept, was, now, come *up*
To take one *cordial*, *chearing Cup*,

But hearing, ſuddenly, a *Ruſt'ling*
In HILDA's *Room*, and ſomething *buſtling*,
She, to a *Crevice* bending *Ear*,
With ſtrange *Surpriſe*, theſe Words did hear:
" Now, HILDA, you are fairly *bit*,
" For *what* I ſuffer'd — by Deceit:
" That *roguiſh Trick!* — I yet approve,
" *All Stratagems are fair in Love:*
" But, if you would not be *defeated*,
" This *Interview* muſt be repeated;
" And MURDAC may, in *Peace*, provide
" To make *you* — his elected *Bride.*"

HILDA was ſtruck with great *Surpriſe*,
But yet, with *Laughter*, thus *replies:*
" You *Villain!* how could *you* pretend
" By *Plots*, like *theſe*, to make a Friend?
" And yet, I cannot help *forgive*
" The *pleaſant Way* that you *deceive:*
" But, *deareſt* HUBERT, I depend
" Upon your *Honour* — to the *End.*
" To ſpeak the *Truth* — as much inclin'd,
" I always *lov'd* you — in my *Mind*;
" And as a *Proof* of my *Regard*,
" As well — your *Silence* to reward,
" Come *hither* in the *Morn* at *Five*,
" You'll find *me* here, if I'm *alive.*"
This ſaid, with grateful *Thanks*, her *Due*,
He, *gently*, from her *Arms* withdrew,
And, *ſoftly* treading, reach'd the *Door*,
When *Silence* reign'd, as did before.

To keep JUETTA's *Spirits* up,
She could not help — the other *Sup:*
But, notwithſtanding *Cordials* ready,
A certain *Furor* ſeiz'd the *Lady*,
When, down *ſhe* went, as in *Deſpair*,
And flung her *Self* — in *Eaſy Chair*;
" The Doctor" cries! — go! — quickly! — *fly!*
Or elſe, I certainly ſhall *die.*
The *Bell* was *rung*, and HILDA came
To help ſupport the ſtruggling *Dame.*
Poor GALFRED look'd like any *Ghoſt*,
For fear his *Deary* ſhould be loſt.
At length, her *Fits* decreaſing, brought
The Uſe of *Speech*, and ſettled *Thought*;

When ſtrait ſhe will'd, that HILDA bring
From *Dartford*, hither, *Doctor* K***.

HILDA, who lov'd her *Miſtreſs* well,
Was greatly *ſhock'd* at what befel,
And as *Diſintereſt* diſcovers
A true *Concern*, forgot her *Lovers:*
Beſides, the *Journey* much delighting,
As were her *Lady's Fits* affrighting,
Prepar'd, with *Pleaſure*, to *obey*,
Nor, longer waſted *Time* of *Day:*
BALDWIN was bid from Graſs to get
The *dappled Pad*, with *Pillion* fit;
And HILDA, as the Caſe requir'd,
In *Riding Suit* was ſoon *attir'd.*

The *Palfrey* brought, with *heavy Straddle*
BALDWIN was mounted in the *Saddle*;
And TOM (for HUBERT was not there)
Help'd HILDA up, with *modeſt Care:*
But ſtill, there was ſome little *Trouble*,
The *Mare*, not us'd to carry *double*,
Would *kick* behind, by *Starts* and *Fits*;
Yet HILDA, ſtill, with *Courage* ſits,
And faſt to BALDWIN clinging, reaches
For *Pommel*, round his *Leathern Breeches:*
But gentle now, and ſhe well *plac'd*,
TOM holds the *Gate*—and out they *pac'd.*

Thus well diſpatch'd: JUETTA ſate,
With heavy *ſighs*, in *mournful State:*
While GALFRED griev'd, with watchful *Eye*
Did all her *fretful Wants* ſupply.

The waſted *Day* began *decline:*
The *Sun*, with fainter *Rays*, did ſhine,
'Till, ſinking down, with *ſplendid Grace*,
Beneath the *Mountain* hid his *Face:*
Sweet PHILOMEL, upon the *Spray*,
Moſt ſweetly mark'd the *Cloſe* of *Day:*
The *hooting Owl* began to *fly*,
With *ſleepy Pace*, along the *Sky*;
While *leathern Bats*, with *dodging Flight*,
Do uſher in the *Shades* of *Night:*
Still Calm prevails: no *Miſt* appear'd:
At Diſtance, *Village Curs* were *heard.*

The *Croak* of *Frogs*, the *Clack* of *Mill*,
And, on the *Road*, the *Grinding Wheel*.

JUETTA, now, was ſomething willing,
To keep her little *Strength*, by *Filling*;
And, as the *Time* was fit for *picking*,
She order'd MAUD to boil the Chicken:
But *peeviſh* ſtill, with hard Complaints,
As having *nothing*—that ſhe wants,
Poor GALFRED vext, for thus delaying;
And MAUD was *rated*—for her Staying;
At length—the *Chicken* brought, and eat,
Awhile they *talk'd*, awile they ſate,
When finding *ſhadowy Night* come on,
And thinking beſt—to *lie alone*,
Becauſe her *Huſband's Cough*, and *Jumbling*
Might hinder *Sleep*, by *Noiſe* or *Fumbling*,
She order'd ROSE—that *Fire* be made
In HILDA's *Room*—and make the Bed;
For well ſhe knew, from *Dartford*, home,
'Till next *Day Noon*, ſhe could not *come*;
And, as for GALFRED, judging *right*
That *one* ſhould ſit with him at *Night*,
She order'd MAUD to do that *Duty*,
The better fit—for *want* of *Beauty*:
(For *Women*, tho' devoutly *zealous*
To pleaſe their *Huſbands*, ſtill are *jealous*)
And with her *Self* propos'd to keep
ROSE, to prevent *Relapſe* in *Sleep*.
Thus order'd, up the *Stairs* they go,
At *decent Hour*, in *comely Row*,
Each *one* aſſiſted, by the *Aid*
Of each their ſev'ral *Waiting Maid*:
At GALFRED's *Door*—MAUD took the *Light*,
And GALFRED bid his *Chuck*—*Good Night*.

The END of the SECOND CANTO.

THE ARGUMENT TO THE THIRD CANTO.

Invocation (1). *Deſcription of a fine calm Night* (7). MURDAC *and* HUBERT *both ignorant of* HILDA'S *Journey. Account of* HUBERT'S *Adventures the Evening before* (15). *He goes to fiſh at the Mill: Deſcription of the Place* (137). *Surpriſes the Miller and his Maid together* (59). *Returns at Night to the Houſe* (75). *Clambers up a lofty Elm, and hangs* MURDAC'S *Cloaths at the Top* (79). *The Morning being come,* HUBERT *ſteals to* HILDA'S *Room, and into the Bed where* JUETTA *lay* (91). *The Diſcovery on either Side* (105). *They lie ſtill, and fall aſleep. Account of* MAUD *with her Maſter* GALFRED (127). *While theſe Scenes are tranſacting,* MURDAC, *recollecting* HILDA'S *Appointment, repairs to her Room* (151): *Aſtoniſhed at the Sight, retires. Hearing a Noiſe in* GALFRED'S *Room, peeps thro' the Keyhole, which increaſes his Surpriſe; but thinks it all Illuſion* (163). *In going out, ſpies his Cloaths at the Top of the Elm* (173): *Gets them down, and goes to fetch home* CLARA *from the Fair.* HUBERT *retires; and* JUETTA *and* GALFRED *riſe, and go to the Parlour* (183). GALFRED *walks out to ſee his Haymakers* (196). *Deſcription of them, and a very hot Morning* (201). MURDAC *returning that Way with* CLARA, GALFRED *takes her with him to the Houſe* (221). JUETTA *goes to order in the Dairy and Houſe* (231): *Deſcription of them. Doctor* K*** *the Phyſician arrives, and is received in the Parlour* (249). *Account of* HILDA'S *Journey to* Dartford, *and back* (263). *Adventures of the Stonehorſe, by which they are delayed and benighted* (271). *Deſcription of the Journeying by Night. Arrive at the Swan* (299). HILDA *ſups, and her Landlady with her* (312). *The News of the Town. Goes to Bed* (320). *Morning breaks* (355). *Deſcription of the Inn* (357). *They ſet out* (379); *and returning to the Farm Yard,* MURDAC *helps* HILDA *down; carries her to the Barn; makes her ſeveral Preſents brought from the Fair: Their Diſcourſe, and Agreement to marry the next Day* (401). HILDA *returns to the Houſe, the Doctor dines there: after which they diſcourſe. The Doctor's Harangue, upon the Superiority of Love above all other Paſſions* (435). *Takes his Leave, and goes.* HILDA *enters, and declares their intended Match next Day* (559). GALFRED *orders a Feaſt upon this Occaſion, and the Neighbours to be invited.* HUBERT *undertakes this Charge. In walking out, ſpies a Parcel of Gipſeys at a Diſtance* (573). *Deſcription of them, and the Place* (577). *Showery Evening. He repairs to their Hovel* (591). *The oldeſt of them gives him an Account of their Notions, and Way of Living, according to the Dictates of Nature* (613). HUBERT *returns home. Reflection upon Gluttony* (659). *Deſcription of a fine Evening* (667); *and Preparation, in killing the Animals, and Proviſion for the next Day* (675). *They all go to Bed early* (685). *In the Morning, the Couple go to Church, and are married* (691): *Return, and feaſt in the Hall* (719). *Deſcription of their Mirth and Jollity* (733). GALFRED *and the* Parſon, *with* JUETTA, *entertained in the Parlour* (791). HILDA *and* MURDAC *ſteal away to Bed* (797). GALFRED *and the reſt go up, to fling the Stocking* (801.) *The Revels end, and they all retire. Concluſion* (831.)

THE

THIRD CANTO.

HAIL! *Silent Night! delightful Calm!*
The *Lover's Feaſt*, the *Wretch's Balm:*
Whoſe *mantling Veil* does, *brooding*, frame
The *lewd Device*, and cover *Shame:*
Now, all thy *gloomy Influence* ſpreads
To form *Deſigns*, and actuate *Deeds:*
The brilliant *Stars* with twinkling *Light*,
And ſhooting *Meteors*, catch the *Sight:*
Deſcending *Brooks* o'er *Pebbles* creep,
And, *murm'ring* ſoftly, *huſh* to Sleep.

But *Order* bids, we firſt *reveal*,
Where HUBERT was, which *none* cou'd *tell*;
And alſo MURDAC's Lot to teach,
We left a *lopping* of the *Beach*.

HUBERT, with wicked *Joy*, elate,
At MURDAC's, and his *own* Eſtate,
In order to prevent *Suſpicion*,
Or what might hinder — *Repetition*,
Now, thinking beſt, with *Air* and *Grace*,
To *ſhew*, again, his wonted *Face*,
From HILDA's *Chamber* quickly ran,
Left MURDAC's *Cloaths*, and took his *own:*
Then at the *Orchard Gate* he ſtands,
With *Angle Rod* and *Line* in *Hands*;
Where, at the *farther End* he found,
MURDAC in's *Shirt*; who, *gaping* round,
And ſearching every *Hedge* about,
Was coming now, in *Dudgeon*, out,
Reſolv'd to find *them*, *far* or *near*,
Or elſe to *Cunning-Man* to ſteer.
HUBERT with *Sorrow* moſt *affected*,
(The better to be leſs ſuſpected)
Lamented much his *mournful Caſe*,
Then took his Leave, and left the *Place*;

And to the *Mill* directs his *Way*
To paſs in *Sport* the Reſt of Day.

Upon the *Verge* of GALFRED's *Lands*
A *ruin'd Pile* of *Building* ſtands,
A *Convent* once, where *Monks* enjoy'd
A *Life* of *Eaſe*, with *Plenty* cloy'd;
Where *pamper'd Nature*, unreſtrain'd,
With all *voluptuous Pleaſures* reign'd:
Long ſince the greateſt *Part* ſubverted,
The *reſt* into a *Mill* converted:
The tott'ring *Remnants* ſtill were ſeen
Of *Vaults*, and *Arches*, that had been.

Here one of GALFRED's *Tenants* liv'd,
Who by his *gentle Favour* thriv'd.
Behind, a lofty *Mountain's Brow*
O'erhung the *mould'ring Walls* below,
And up the *craggy Sides* there ſtood,
Of various *Trees*, a *riſing Wood*;
From whence there iſſu'd forth a *Rill*,
With *furious Stream*, that drove the *Mill*:
Thro' which its *daſhing Waters* fed
A *widen'd Lake*, along the *Mead*:
Round this, thick *Rows* of *Willows* made,
With *Poplars* mix'd, a pleaſing Shade.

Here HUBERT, *ſat* at Leiſure, took
The *prickl'd Perch* with *Line* and *Hook*:
But wanting *ſomething* where to place
The *Fiſh* that *flounder'd* on the *Graſs*,
Proceeded to the *Mill*, to chuſe
A *Baſket* proper for his Uſe;
Where, *bolting in* with heedleſs *Tread*,
(And other *Thoughts*, that fill'd his *Head*)
He found the *Miller* and his *Maid*
Upon a *Sack* of *Pollard laid*;
Who cloſe, in that *convenient Station*,
Were ord'ring *Things* — by *Ag*t*t**n*.
Quick — ſtarting back — he reach'd the *Pool*,
(For HUBERT lov'd the *Golden Rule*)
And, on a *Willow Twig*, he hung
The *Fiſh* he took — and mov'd along.

The *Ev'ning fair* — he, ſtill, purſu'd
His *Sport*, 'till *duſky Night* enſu'd,

When getting home — ſo long he ſtay'd,
That all, but *him*, were gone to *Bed:*
The Time, now, favour'd — to diſpoſe
Some *clever Way* — of MURDAC's *Cloaths*,
When ſtealing out, he *clamber'd* high
Upon a lofty *Elm*, hard by,
Where, on the *Top*, like *Trophies* laid,
Theſe *Spoils* of MURDAC — he diſplay'd:
Thus, *uninform'd* of all that paſs'd,
He, *ſoftly*, crept to *Bed* — in Haſte.

Now, *baſhful* CYNTHIA, mend your Pace,
Nor pry, ſo cloſe, in ev'ry *Place:*
And *you chaſte Vot'ries*, ceaſe to ſpy
At Things, *perhaps*, offend your *Eye.*

The *Night* advanc'd — JUETTA ſtay'd
Awhile, and then diſmiſs'd her *Maid:*
Put out the *Light* — and, *wiſely*, choſe
To calm her *Spirits* — by *Repoſe:*
But, weakly, all *Efforts* withſtood
The *Agitation* of her *Blood*;
For *tumbling*, all the *Night*, ſhe lay
With *anxious Thoughts*, till *Break* of *Day.*

HUBERT, whoſe *Mind* ran all the *Night*
On HILDA's Promiſe of *Delight*,
Before the Time, and *looſe array'd*,
Went *ſoftly* in, and *crept* to *Bed:*
JUETTA ſeem'd *aſleep*, but *mov'd*,
With *eager Warmth*, to *what* ſhe *lov'd*;
Till in the End — as *Joys* provoke
The *raptur'd Senſes*, HUBERT ſpoke.
Frighted, as from a *Dream*, ſhe ſaid,
" *Baſe Man!* and am I thus *betray'd?*"
She ſpoke no more: — For HUBERT's *Dread*
So *great* — he ſtarted from the *Bed:*
" In *vain* it is," ſhe then rejoin'd,
" To *cover*, thus, your *ſhameleſs Mind*;
" Too *well* I *feel* — how ill one can
" *Evade* the *Wiles* of *artful Man:*
" What have I, ever, *done* or *ſaid*,
" T' *encourage* an *Attempt* ſo *mad?*
" But, as we can't recall the *paſt*.
" You need not, HUBERT, make ſuch Haſte:

" Since *Love* did this *Attempt* contrive,
" Be you *diſcreet:* — I may *forgive.*"

HUBERT, whom no *Temptation* leſs,
Could e'er engage — ſo far *tranſgreſs*,
With humble *Bow*, and *winning Grace*,
By *ſoft Approach* — *reſum'd* his Place;
When, giving Looſe to *Love*, oppreſs'd
With *melting Joy*, they *ſunk* to *Reſt*.

Below, when GALFRED, firſt, was *laid*
By MAUD, well cover'd up, in *Bed*;
Her *portly Mien*, and rolling Eyes,
(With *Bubbies* of the *largeſt Size*)
Produc'd a *Flame*, which nought could *quench*
But *harmleſs Dalliance* with the *Wench:*
And MAUD, whoſe *Duty* was to *pleaſe*,
Try'd *all*, to give her *Maſter Eaſe*.

That *Warmth* ſhould *glow* in ſuch a *Frame*,
Or ſo *impel* the *virtuous Dame*,
Is wond'rous *ſtrange* — 'till we relate
The *hidden Cauſe* — produc'd by *Fate:*
But *this* will, fully, clear her *Honour*
From all *Reflections* caſt upon *her*;
And plainly ſhew — from *whence* this *Rage*
Of *Love* — in *Impotence* and *Age*.

The *Night* before, as *Health* requir'd
A *Glaſs* of *that* — ſhe *moſt* deſir'd,
JUETTA, in her *thoughtleſs Hurry*,
Fill'd *Viper Wine* inſtead of *Clary*;
Of which ſhe *kindly* ſent, *unthinking*,
Another *Cup*, for GALFRED's drinking,
Which ſo *burnt* up the poor *old Squire*,
That MAUD could, ſcarce, *allay Deſire*.
While *Things* were thus, in *awkward Guiſe*,
MURDAC to HILDA's *Chamber* hies,
As ſuiting well — her *Approbation*,
To keep th' appointed *Aſſignation*;
But *bolting* in — he *gap'd* and *ſtar'd*
As all his *Senſes* had been *ſcar'd*,
And could not *ſpeak* his veh'ment *Diſtreſs*,
At finding HUBERT — with his *Miſtreſs*.

Concern'd no leſs — for the *Diſaſter*
That might befall his *worthy Maſter:*
But finding *both aſleep*, he knew
His *Diſtance* fit, and ſo withdrew,

When *paſſing* on, as juſt before,
The *Paſſage* led by GALFRED's *Door*,
On hearing GALFRED *cough*, he *crept*,
And, *ſoftly*, thro' the *Keyhole* peep'd;
But *ſaw*, what's *hard* to be *accounted*,
Fat MAUD upon her *Maſter mounted.*
Frighted, with *Wonder* and *Surpriſe*,
(Unable to believe his *Eyes*)
With *ſupple Faith*, and juſt *Deciſion*,
Conceiv'd it all — *enchanted Viſion:*
When, *driving* out, he turn'd his *Eyes*,
With great *Emotion* and *Surpriſe*,
Upon the *Elm* — where hung his *Cloaths*,
The *Terror* of the neighb'ring *Crows*;
Confirm'd in Mind, that all this *Evil*
Was *wrought* by nothing — but the *Devil:*
Quick, *clamb'ring* up, with *Joy* recover'd
The *Prize*, ſo luckily *diſcover'd:*
Then went to fetch — the *Weather* clear —
The *little* CLARA from the Fair.

Now, all the *Miſchiefs* of the *Night*
Were baniſh'd by the ſpreading Light;
HUBERT withdrew from HILDA's *Room*,
And MAUD return'd — to uſe her *Broom:*
While GALFRED and JUETTA ſtay'd,
Some longer Time, for *Reſt* in *Bed:*
At length, as if by *joint Conſent*,
They *roſe*, and to the *Parlour* went:
GALFRED, poor *Soul*, could hardly *ſtand*,
Or *hold* the *Gruel* in his *Hand*;
And in JUETTA's *Looks* were read,
A *trembling Nerve*, and *aching Head.*

The *Hour* ſtruck *Eight*, with pleaſant Chime
From faithful *Monitor* of *Time:*
GALFRED, his *Spirits* to recruit,
As *Time* and *Weather* both did ſuit,
Went forth, as uſual, to *ſurvey*,
The *Meadows*, where they made the *Hay.*

The *Sun* ſhot out his hotteſt Beams,
With *ſcorching Heat*, and *ſultry Gleams*;
Tho', oft, an intervening Cloud
Did, now and then, his *Glory* ſhroud:
The *Brakes* and *Brambles*, there, among
The *ſpeckled Snake* did *glide* along;
The *ſilken Webs* on *Boughs* ſuſpend,
And *Stalks* of *drooping Flow'rs* did bend;
Fatigu'd, beneath a *Pollard's Shade*,
Good GALFRED, now, his *Seat* had made,
To ſee the *Labours* of his *Field*,
And what *Produce* his *Graſs* did yield:
In *buſy Groups*, in various *Places*,
In *light Array*, with *chearful Faces*,
The *Men* and *Women*, *here* and *there*,
In diff'rent Ways their *Toil* did ſhare,
In *waving Rows* to *rake* the *Hay*,
Or raiſe the *Cocks* to *cart* away;
While *others*, in the *Yard* do *ſtow*
The *heavy Loads*, and *build* the Mow.

The enliv'ning *Scene*, and *fragrant Sweet*,
Invited GALFRED keep his *Seat*,
'Till CLARA, led by MURDAC, paſs'd,
And, *fondly*, ran to be *embrac'd*:
Delight redoubled in her *Breaſt*
At finding, there, a *Partridge' Neſt*:
Then, home ſhe went, by GALFRED led,
With buſy Thoughts that fill'd her Head,
And with *diverting*, *idle Prattle*
Of *all* ſhe'd *ſeen* and *heard*, did *tattle*.

JUETTA, now, recover'd quite,
From longing *Qualms*, and Toils of Night,
To paſs the Time, with CLARA, goes,
Affairs in *Dairy* to diſpoſe;
Sets BLANCHE and LUCY, both, in Turn,
T'aſſiſt to ply the *gurgling Churn*;
To *preſs* the *Cheeſe*; the *Cream* to *ſkim*
That riſes, *yellow*, to the *Brim*;
To *mould* the *Butter* into *Rolls*,
And ſet the *Milk*, again, in *Bowls*;
Then orders MAUD to mind her *Work*
About the *Houſe*, and *ſalt* the *Pork*:
Thus, well employ'd, ſhe *walk'd* about
Like *Houſewife* good, with *clam'rous Rout*,

'Till HILDA, juſt return'd, declar'd
That *Doctor* K*** was in the *Yard*,
On which, with moſt *becoming Air*,
She went, and ſate in *Elbow Chair*.

The *Doctor*, with *Deportment ſteady*,
And *grave Advance*, approach'd the *Lady*,
And judging right, to find *her ailing*,
(The Hopes of *ready Fee* prevailing)
Directed *Med'cines* moſt *ſpecifick*
To make *her healthy*, and *prolifick*:
With good *Reſtoratives*, and *Phyſick*,
For GALFRED's *Weakneſs*, and his *Phthiſick*:
All which JUETTA well approv'd,
And knew wou'd help — with *what* ſhe lov'd:
The Bus'neſs over of *Preſcription*,
(Which needs not any more *Deſcription*)
We leave the *Doctor*, and the *Wine*
To *warm* their *Stomachs* — 'till they *dine*.
And, now, in proper *Time* ſhall venture
To ſpeak of HILDA's odd *Adventure*.

Thro' *Commons*, *Hamlets*, *Lanes*, and *Woods*,
Thro' *Heaths* and *Foreſts*, *Streams* and *Floods*,
O'er *Hill* and *Dale*, thro' *Slough* and *Moor*,
Without or *Stop*, or *Bait* at *Door*,
BALDWIN the mettl'd *Palfrey* ſwitches,
(HILDA ſtill holding by his *Breeches*)
When, in a *Park*, as he was *gazing*
At *Cows* and *Horſes* there a *grazing*,
DAPPLE, with wanton *Neigh*, diſcover'd
Her *lewd* Intention — to be cover'd:
When ſtrait, a *Stonehorſe*, from the reſt
Came *trotting*, with *audacious Creſt*:
HILDA, who thought of nothing *worſe*
Than *rough Embraces* of a *Horſe*,
Jump'd off, in order to eſcape,
In ſuch a *Place*, ſo foul a *Rape*:
The *Steed*, whoſe *Rage*, by *Love* impell'd,
Could not by *Words* or *Blows* be *quell'd*,
With *furious Paſſion* made *Attack*,
And *ſprung*, at once, on BALDWIN's *Back*,
While diſtant, HILDA ſafe abides,
With *Laughter* — holding both her *Sides* —
To ſee the *Figure* BALDWIN ſhew'd,
Who, *Centaur*-like, triumphant *rode*,

Unable, any Way, recover
His former State, 'till *all* was *over:*
While, round about, the *Peaſants* flouted,
And, with *Horſelaugh* and *Clamour*, ſhouted;
At length, reliev'd from deſp'rate *Plight*
Of *Pain*, *Impriſonment*, and *Fright*,
HILDA, by Help of *Stile*, replac'd,
Secure on Pillion, on they *pac'd*;
But *Night* came on by this Delay,
And BALDWIN, too, had loſt his *Way*.

The *Twilight* gone, a *duſky Red*
Above the *Horizon* was *ſpread*;
Upon the *Borders* of the *Lake*
The *ſtalking Her'n* his *Stand* did make,
While, *round*, the *foggy Vapours* ſtood,
And *overhung* the *Fens* and *Flood:*
The *Roads*, that '*thwart* each other lay,
Diſtract their *Thoughts*, and urge their *Stay*;
'Till now — the *Darkneſs* of the *Night*
At *Diſtance* ſhew'd a *glimm'ring Light*,
To which they *turn'd* — and, *padding* on,
Soon heard the *Bells* of *Dartford Town*,
And, *ambling* thro' the *narrow Lane*,
In little *Time* they reach'd the *Swan*.

Alighting here, the *Hoſteſs* came
And *welcom'd* in the *tired Dame*;
And BALDWIN, too, as well as *able*
Diſmounting, led the *Pad* to *Stable:*
For *Supper*, HILDA order'd — get
A *Fowl*, which *Hoſteſs* help'd to *eat*;
Who being, long, to HILDA known,
Inform'd her — all that paſs'd in *Town*,
How, ISABEL, the *Malſter's Wife*,
Was *fond* of ALLAN more than *Life*;
That ALICE, her pretty *nutbrown Daughter*,
Had made a *Slip* — but *marry'd* a'ter;
That AGATHA, the *Parſon's Siſter*,
Was, always, pleas'd when any kiſs'd her,
And *even ſome* there were, that *ſaid*,
The *Lord* had had her *Maidenhead*;
That *Gaffer* J*****'s *Wife* was known
The greateſt *Whore* in all the *Town*;
That *Yeoman* G****** in his Loft
Had found his *Spouſe* with EDWIN, oft:

That *Doctor* K***, if true as *ſaid*,
Had had *two Baſtards* by his *Maid*.

Thus, as the *Tankard* went about,
The *current Talk* of all — came out;
And thus our *Hoſteſs* did *atteſt*
The *Truth* — her *Belly* had *confeſs'd*,
For, tho' a *Widow* long ſhe'd been,
'Twas almoſt *mounted* to her *Chin*.

Hilda was vaſtly pleas'd, to find
That all the *Town* — was of her *Mind*,
But judg'd, as *Hoſteſs* D*bs*n thought,
That *Men* were, only, in the *Fault*:
For, if there were *none* to be *had*,
There would not be — one *Woman bad*:
Then, *parting*, came directly *down*
To take a *Turn* about the *Town*,
And pray'd the *Doctor*, that he'd *call*,
With all *Diſpatch*, at *Galfred Hall*:
Which done, ſhe thought it, now, was beſt,
Returning *home*, to go to *Reſt*,
But *whether* by her *Self*, *alone*,
So *ſly* ſhe was — was never known.

The *Morning's Light* began to *break*,
And all the *Travellers* to *wake*:
Upon the *Gall'ry*, round the *Court*,
From ev'ry *Chamber* they reſort;
And o'er the *Rails*, begin to *call*
To bring the *Horſes* from the *Stall*:
Along the *Penthouſe*, *cooing* ſtood
The *gentle Doves*, in *courting Mood*:
Bridget attends the *Breakfaſt Meal*,
And Robin trims the *Horſe's Heel*:
The *Wheels* are *greas'd*, the *Coach* drawn out,
And *all* is *Hurry*, *Noiſe*, and *Rout*:
Baldwin well *fed*, in great *Delight*,
In Bridget's *Arms* — had paſs'd the *Night*.

The *Reck'ning* paid, and all prepar'd,
Hilda, now mounted, left the *Yard*:
And, as the *Oſtler* help'd her up,
The *Hoſteſs* gave the *Stirrup Cup*,
And, parting, homewards bent their *Courſe*,
Without *Miſchance* from *Man* or *Horſe*,

And *jogg'd* along, to bring, the *faſter*,
The *Dates* and *Raiſins* for her *Maſter*.

When near the *Yard* and Sound of *Flail*,
DAPPLE rejoic'd, and *cock'd* her *Tail*;
MURDAC was then employ'd to fill
A *Sack* of *Wheat* to *grind* at Mill;
But ſeeing now his *deareſt Treaſure*,
With *headlong* Haſte forgot his Meaſure,
And *running* on, with *clumſy Stride*,
He lifted off his future *Bride*;
When beck'ning *her* to follow *cloſe*,
As having *ſomething* to diſcloſe,
Strait to the *Barn*, with *ſimple Grin*,
He *lugg'd her* on, and, ent'ring in,
Forth from his *Leathern Budget* brought
A *Ring*, the *Type* of *Wedlock's Knot*,
With *Ribbons*, *Necklace*, *Gloves*, and *Garters*,
And *candy'd Orange* cut in *Quarters*;
Which HILDA cou'd not but approve,
As *Tokens* ſtrong of *plighted Love*.
But after many a *towſling Hug*,
(The *Place* ſo *ſecret*, and ſo *ſnug*)
He told the ſtrange amazing *Sight*,
That *ſcar'd* him the preceding Night;
But added, he cou'd ſcarce believe
But that the *Devil* did *deceive*.

HILDA, who knew her *Miſtreſs* well,
Conceiv'd how *'twas*, but wou'd not tell;
And therefore readily concluded
It was the *Devil* himſelf intruded,
Which to confirm, ſhe ſaid, her *Mother*,
As *virtuous Wife* as any *other*,
In the ſame *Room* was ſeen, by *Ned*,
With RALPH the *Plough-boy claſp'd* in *Bed*;
And ſhou'd not *wonder* had it been
Her own *Reſemblance* he had *ſeen*:
Her *Lady's Honour* thus was ſhewn,
As much *unſully'd* as her *own*;
And MURDAC now, by *Oath*, agreed,
That on the *Morrow* they ſhou'd *wed*:
Then, *hugging cloſer* yet at *parting*,
She went *within*, and he to *carting*.

The *Doctor's Stomach*, now, was *keen*,
As any *Doctor's* e'er had been;

The *Dinner*, too, was ſerv'd in *Plenty*,
Inſtead of *Four*, enough for *Twenty*;
But *Exerciſe* did make them *eat*
With ſuch *Profuſion*, that they *ſweat:*
To HUBERT, who was lately *ill*,
JUETTA ſent a *Plate* of *Veal*;
And, that her *Goodneſs* more might *ſhine*,
A *Glaſs* or *two* of gen'rous *Wine*.

The Dinner done, the *Talk* of *Faſhions*,
By wild *Tranſition*, turn'd to *Paſſions:*
Good GALFRED judg'd, the *Thirſt* of *Gain*
It's *Empire* here did moſt maintain;
While, in JUETTA's Thoughts, the *Mind*
To *Pride* and *Pow'r* was moſt *inclin'd:*
The *Doctor*, then, with *ſolemn Air*,
Did thus his well-fix'd *Thoughts* declare.

" To *reaſon* right of this *Machine*,
" We ought, with *Judgement*, firſt begin;
" And, in purſuance, have *Recourſe*
" To *univerſal Nature's Source*;
" Which, *Parent* of the *World*, replete
" With *vegetative Life* and *Heat*,
" We find the *Animal Creation*,
" By ſtrong *Impulſe*, or *Deſtination*,
" With *Paſſions*, *turbulent*, and *mad*,
" (Productive ſtill of all that's *bad*)
" Tho' forc'd to *act*, have yet, beſides,
" *Reaſon* and *Inſtinct*, for their *Guides:*
" The *firſt*, the moſt *exalted*, ſuits
" With *Man*; the *other* governs *Brutes:*
" By *theſe*, inordinate *Deſires*
" Are *tam'd*, as *Order* well *requires*,
" Which elſe, by *impudent Intruſion*,
" Would breed *eternal*, *wild Confuſion:*
" And *Luſt*, by far above the *Reſt*,
" Is, ſure, the moſt *unruly Beaſt:*
" But *Love*, by *gentle Courtſhip*, tends,
" With *ſoft Approach*, to gain his *Ends*,
" Tho', with no leſs *impetuous Force*,
" He, *blindly*, ſtill purſues his *Courſe*,
" Above all *Obſtacles* or *Bars*,
" Unmov'd with *Dangers*, *Pains*, or *Fears*.
" I grant, *Ambition*, *Int'reſt*, *Pride*,
" And *all* the *Heart* can wiſh beſide,

" With *keen Purſuit* we much *approve*,
" But *all* to ſerve the *Ends of Love:*
" Th' *ambitious Prince* that *wins* a *Crown*,
" At BEAUTY's *Feet* will lay it down:
" The *Miſer* offers all his *Store*,
" To *her he* cannot help *adore:*
" And where's the *Monarch* wou'd not *crave*
" To be to LOVE an *humble Slave?*
" Or, where's the *Princeſs* wou'd not deign,
" If *urg'd* by *Love*, prefer a *Swain.*

" Thro' ev'ry *Age*, what *Revolutions*,
" Have flow'd from *Warmth* of *Conſtitutions?*
" 'Twas LOVE alone, impell'd by FATE,
" That overturn'd the *Trojan State*;
" 'Twas LOVE, tho' full of *foul Diſgrace*,
" That baniſh'd TARQUIN's *Royal Race*;
" What, but a *Dart* by CUPID hurl'd,
" That loſt *great* ANTHONY the *World?*
" But needleſs 'twere to *mention* more,
" To ſhew the *arbitrary Pow'r*,
" For *all* throughout the *World* does *prove*,
" No *Paſſion* ſways ſo much as *Love*;
" And *this* will, ſurely, *ev'ry* one,
" That ſpeaks the *Truth*, moſt freely *own*;
" For *Reaſons* good indeed, confeſt,
" We keep the *Foible* in our *Breaſt*;
" But either *Sex* alike is giv'n
" To *taſte* this *Joy*, *diſpens'd* by *Heaven.*

The *Doctor* paus'd! and *ſtroak'd* the *Hair*
Of CLARA, ſtanding by his *Chair:*
Then thus went on.—" 'Tis *juſt* we *own*
" This *Paſſion*, ſo *prevailing* ſhewn,
" Shou'd have it's *Bounds*, which elſe might *cauſe*
" *Subverſion* of all *ſocial Laws*;
" For, *Madam*, were you but to know
" The *Actions* that from hence do *flow*,
" Your wonder 'd riſe to ſuch a *Height*,
" You'd ſcarce have *Pow'r* to *ſleep* at *Night:*
" And had I *Time* or *Leave* to tell,
" The *odd Adventures* have befell,
" Within the *Courſe* of my *Vocation*,
" To *thoſe* of ev'ry *Rank* and *Station*,
" You'd want no other *Proofs*, to ſhew
" That LOVE is *abſolute below.*

" To reap *Succeſs*, what *Arts* have been?
" What *Metamorphoſes* are ſeen?
" The *wrinkled Dame*, in *youthful Dreſs*,
" Affects the *Airs* of *flaunting Miſs*;
" While *Beaus* in *Climaterick*, *court*,
" To make the *younger Fellows Sport*:
" The *ſage Philoſopher*, or *Fool*,
" To LOVE alike becomes the *Tool*:
" And often WISDOM, changing *Sides*
" With FOLLY, ev'ry *Tongue* derides:
" Yet, notwithſtanding SATIRE's *Goad*,
" All *trudge* along in *Nature's Road*:
" But ſometimes great *Diſaſters* follow,
" When, underneath, the *Way is hollow*;
" And then the *Traveller*, in ſpight
" Of *Care*, is found in *dirty Plight*.
" And here I might, with *Eaſe*, relate
" The many *Ills* on *Lechers* wait,
" Who, without *Reaſon* or *Reſtraint*,
" Will venture *all* for *what* they want:
" What *Jealouſies* and *Feuds* enſue,
" With *Rapes*, *Diſeaſe*, and *Bloodſhed* too.

" But my *Profeſſion* bids conceal
" What *Doctors* of the *Church* may *tell*,
" *Who*, as *Reformers* of the *Time*,
" Shou'd freely ſpeak of ev'ry *Crime*:
" Enough it is for me, to prove
" *The univerſal Bent of Love*.
" In conſequence of this *Aſſertion*,
" I'll tell you ſomething for *Diverſion*.

" A *Parſon's Wife*, I dare not name,
" To quench the *Heat* of *am'rous Flame*,
" Unluckily, by *ſad Miſchance*,
" Acquir'd the *Malady* of *France*;
" Which, as the *Claim* of *Wedlock's Right*,
" Her *Huſband* ſhar'd with ſome *Delight*;
" (For they, to ſpeak the *Truth*, were known
" A Couple *fond* as were in *Town*):
" The *Parſon*, he, poor Man, who thought
" A little *Toying* was no *Fault*,
" Before he *knew* the ſad *Diſaſter*,
" By *Contact* made it *ſpread* the faſter;
" And all the *Pariſh round* outright
" Were found to be in MARTHA's Plight."

Good GALFRED laugh'd like one bewitch'd,
And both JUETTA's *Sides* were *ſtitch'd*;
Again *compos'd*, again they *ſmil'd*,
To find the *Age* ſo very *wild*,
While *each*, by *Self-conviction*, knew
The *Doctor's Arguments* were *true:*
The *Bottle* out — they *all agree*,
The *Doctor* went — but took his *Fee.*

Now HILDA came, with *ſerious Air*,
Her deſtin'd *Marriage* to declare;
That MURDAC had the *Licence* ready
For *Morrow's Rites*, if pleaſe her *Lady:*
JUETTA with Conſent agreed,
And GALFRED wiſh'd the *Match* ſucceed;
Then order'd they ſhou'd get the beſt
Of all the *Farm*, for *Wedding Feaſt*;
The *Men* had Leave to ceaſe from *Labours*,
And HILDA bid t'invite the *Neighbours*;
HUBERT, whoſe *Int'reſt* in the *Bride*,
To *pleaſe* in *all* he cou'd, did *guide*,
Went forth to aſk, without Delay,
Whom HILDA pleas'd, to *grace* the *Day.*

In walking down the *winding Dale*,
The gath'ring *Clouds* and ruffling *Gale*
A ſpeedy Show'r of *Rain* portended,
And here and there big *Drops* deſcended.

Low in the *Bottom* ſunk, there lay
A *Winding Copſe* along the Way,
At Foot of which a *narrow Brook*
It's *leafy Branches* overlook;
There, at a *Diſtance*, HUBERT ſpy'd,
Upon a rotten *Hovel's Side*,
A *Group* of *Gipſies*, ſitting round
A *Fire* of *Bruſhwood* on the *Ground*,
In various *Attitudes*; behind,
A *Smoke*, that's driven by the *Wind*
Athwart the *Copſe*; the *colour'd Bow*
With *ſplendid Majeſty* did ſhew,
Whoſe *circling Arms*, *expanded*, ſtood
As on the *Hill* and on the *Wood.*

The *Rain* encreaſing, HUBERT ſtretch'd
His *Pace*, and ſoon the *Hovel* reach'd;

Here, round the *Blaze*, employ'd, he ſaw
Some *Ten* or *Twelve* in *Works* of *Straw*;
While *others* cook'd, in *Kettle boiling*,
A Kind of *Food*, with *Sweat* turmoiling:
A *tatter'd Crew* of *Human Creatures*,
With *ſwarthy Skins* and *haggar'd Features*,
Men, *Women*, *Children*, half *array'd*,
In *Garbs* of various *Remnants* made:
One, *giving Suck* with *Satchel Dugs*,
The *ſprawling Baſtard* roughly *hugs*;
Another *Beldame* bears the Load,
In *Bandage ſwath'd*, of *tawny Blood*:
The *reſt*, a *wild* and *ragged Rabble*,
Or *ſing*, or *work*, or *dance*, or *babble*;
Yet *all*, in chearful *Mirth*, receive
The *Refuſe*, *Nature* ſeem'd to *give*.

Hubert, approaching with a *Smile*,
Within the *Threſhold* ſtood awhile;
Then aſk'd, of *One* who ſeem'd the *Head*,
What *Way of Life* it was they *led*.

To whom old Orcan, now their *Guide*,
In *broken Language* thus *reply'd*:
" Our *Rule of Life* 's in *Nature* grounded,
" On which our *Government* is founded:
" Her *ample Stores*, we find, are given,
" *Impartially* beſtow'd, by *Heav'n*:
" The *Hawthorn Berry* on the *Tree*,
" To ev'ry *Bird* alike is *free*;
" And ev'ry *Bough's* obſcureſt *Shade*,
" A ſafe *Retreat* for *all* was made:
" No *ſelfiſh Views* excite our *Pride*,
" *Content*, if barely *Want* 's ſupply'd,
" Which, if the *pamper'd Wretch* refuſes,
" *We* ſometimes *take* to ſerve our *Uſes*;
" But never offer to offend
" *Him* that is *human Nature's Friend*:
" *Uncrampt* by *fooliſh Laws*, to bind
" The *noble Freedom* of the *Mind*,
" Thro' ev'ry *Realm* we freely *rove*,
" And *freely taſte* the *Joys of Love*:
" What *you*, like *Hypocrites*, conceal,
" *We* boldly *act*, and freely *tell*;
" Yet have we *Laws*, to give *Protection*
" To *mutual Fondneſs*, or *Affection*:

" Our *Maxim* is,—*Conſent is light*—
" But not t' *invade* each other's *Right*;
" And *we* as freely *lend* or *borrow*
" A *Wife*—to pay again *the Morrow*:
" Thus, *well content*, our *Life* is *ſweet*,
" We *ſcorn* the *Slave*, and mock the Great."

HUBERT, well pleas'd, ſo much to find
A *Rule*, that ſuited well his *Mind*,
With *courteous Carriage* took his *Leave*,
When MOPSA pull'd him by the *Sleeve*;
A *plump*, *young*, *wanton*, *forward Jade*,
And perfect *Miſtreſs* of her *Trade*;
Who *ſlily* made *him* underſtand
What *Fortune* 'twas to *croſs her Hand*;
Which, HUBERT, with *complying Grace*,
By *Teſter* won, and, *tap'd* her Face.

This ſhe receiv'd, and, *leering*, ſaid,
She knew *he lov'd* a *pretty Maid*;
Then, *parting* laughing, HUBERT took
The lower *Way* along the *Brook*,
And paſſing *Farmer* OSMUND's *Grounds*,
Soon enter'd honeſt GALFRED's *Bounds*.

The Author here *Repugnance* ſhew'd,
To ſtain his *Tale* with ſpilling *Blood*;
And *adds*, that, rather than be *cruel*,
He 'd *fed* them *all* with *Water Gruel*;
Then, after ſome *Reflections* caſt
On *Glutton Man*, as worſe than *Beaſt*,
(Which, in *good Manners*, we think fit,
As much too *pinching*, to omit)
Proceeds as follows:—*High* in *Air*,
The *buſy Swarms* of *Gnats* appear;
On *dewy Graſs* are ſeen the *Trails*
Of *ſlimy Slugs*, and *horned Snails*;
The *feather'd Fowl* are *all* at *Rooſt*,
And *Daylight*, now, is almoſt *loſt*;
When, HUBERT order'd they ſhou'd *ſlay*
The *Victims* offer'd for the *Day*.

Two Pigs are taken from the *Sty*,
And *butcher'd* there with *murd'rous Cry*;
With *clam'rous Flight*, *Twelve Barn-door Pullets*,
By BLANCHE are catch'd, who cuts their *Gullets*;

The *tragick Scene*, that, next, ſucceeds,
Is of *ten Ducks* that loſe their *Heads:*
Poor CLARA, mov'd to hear their *Cries*,
Grew *pale*, and turn'd away her *Eyes:*
The *Slaughter* done, 'twou'd be *Detention*,
Of *leſſer Matters* here to mention:
Suffice we ſay, that *all* was *ready*,
As *order'd* was by *Lord* and *Lady*;
And all obſerv'd what GALFRED ſaid—
" *Who'd early riſe—muſt go to Bed*,"
Where tho', perhaps, not *much* was *acted*,
They dreamt of *Pranks* to be *tranſacted*.

Now, when the Night, at *Break* of *Day*,
Like a *ſly Thief* had ſtol'n away,
They *all* begin to rub their *Eyes*,
And, rous'd with *Expectation*, riſe;
A ſhort *Repaſt*, you well may gueſs,
Suffic'd to give them Time to *dreſs*.

HILDA, with all the *Flags* of Beauty
Was *grac'd*, to tempt, as was her Duty;
MURDAC was alſo mainly *deckt*,
And claim'd from *Peaſants* high *Reſpect*:
The *Bridemen*, and the *Bridemaids* too,
Were *tidy* clad, for all was new:
Thus, ready *all*, they walk to *Church*
In friendly *Pairs*, and wait in *Porch*,
Till *Parſon* comes — like KETCH with Halter—
To do his Office—at the *Altar*.

Some ſaid, that, on this grave Occaſion,
The *Parſon* made ſome *Heſitation*:
To ſpeak the *Truth*, 'twas *really* hinted
The *Doctor* oft at HILDA *ſquinted*;
That when he ſaw her *Bubbies* riſe,
He lick'd his *Lips*, and roll'd his *Eyes*;
Howe'er this was, the *Knot* was ty'd,
And HUBERT gave away the *Bride*,
Well knowing he (as *Fathers* deign
To *give*) like them—might *take* again.

The *Rites* concluded, *home* they bent
Their *Way*, in Order, as they went.

HUBERT now taps a *Caſk*, to taſte
The *Beer* he brew'd *October* paſt,

And fill'd a *Bumper* all around,
To wiſh their *Joy* might much abound.

Now, MAUD and LUCY, BLANCHE and ROSE,
Have not one *Moment* for *Repoſe*;
The *Pies* are made, the *Oven* heated,
The *Fire* ſpread, the *Beef* is ſpitted,
A *Brace* of *Carp* from *Mill* is ſent
A *Preſent* made to GALFRED meant,
With whom the *Parſon* was to *dine*,
Invited to a fav'rite *Chine*:
While all the reſt, both great and ſmall,
Are left to *cram* and *ſtuff* in *Hall*.

Strait in come *Gaffer* D** and POLLY,
With AGNES, CHRISTIAN, DICK and DOLLY,
And Yeoman B******'s Siſter S******,
That married RICHARD at the *Harrow*;
With many more, a *gawky Rout*
That came from ev'ry Part about:
MURDAC and HILDA each attends
To welcome in their honeſt Friends,
Who ſhaking *Hands*, with *ſnigg'ring Faces*,
Hang up their Hats to take their Places;
While HUBERT trips about moſt featly,
And *ſmiles* at all the *Girls* moſt ſweetly.

The Crowd, increaſing thick, is great,
And ſome impatient are — to *eat*:
BALDWIN, at length, does ſpread the Table,
And *all* ſqueeſe in as well as able:
EUSTACE and OSWALD, HODGE and TOM,
Attend to ſerve, as known at Home.
The *Diſhes* now in *Rank* they place,
But all forget to ſay the *Grace*:
Roaſt Beef, and Fowls with *Bacon* boil'd,
Were ſoon of comely *Form* deſpoil'd;
The *Hams* and *Tongues* of *Reliſh* high,
With *Roaſt* and *Boil'd*, with *Stew* and *Fry*,
Plumb Puddings, *Apple Pies* and *Cuſtard*,
With *Ducks* and *Udders* roaſt, with *Muſtard*,
Soon ſhar'd the Fate of all the reſt,
As each took what he lik'd the beſt:
The roaſted *Pigs* and *Pies*, with *Meat*,
With ſcrambling *Appetite*, they eat:

Yet nothing happen'd much amiſs,
Tho' ſo much *ſtreaming Sauce* and *Greaſe*,
Except, that by a little *Folly*,
A *Cuſtard* fell 'twixt DICK and DOLLY.

The *Dinner* ended, *Pipes* and *Liquor*
Were brought, to make their *Spirits* quicker:
The *Bride* and *Laſſes all* were *kiſt*
With ſlabb'ring *Mouth*, and griping *Fiſt*;
And JOHNNY TRIM, the *Fiddler*, came
To raiſe their *Mirth*, tho' *blind* and *lame*:
With *Jokes* and *Catches* round they *quaff*,
And *thump* and *tickle*, *pinch* and *laugh*;
While TIBALD loll'd like any *Fool*,
Sly CHRISTIAN whipp'd away the *Stool*,
But catching CICELY's *Legs*, the *Bear*
Did thruſt his Hands — I know not *where*:
EUSTACE a Pack of *Cards* produc'd,
But ſomething *ſoil'd* for being us'd,
And at *All Fours* with LUCY ſate,
With *Lump* of *Chalk*, to play a *Bett*:
But *Dancing* being now approv'd,
The *Chairs* and *Tables* ſoon were mov'd;
The *Partners*, ſtanding in the Middle,
And TRIM in Corner with his *Fiddle*;
They *foot* and *trip* it round about
To *Back* and *Belly*, in and out,
Till tir'd with Sweat, and light in Head,
HILDA and MURDAC ſtole to Bed.

The Company with GALFRED, ſpent
Their Time no leſs in *Merriment*;
For, warm'd with *Liquor* well within,
They little thought of any Sin;
While GALFRED with the Doctor broke,
At ſeveral Times, ſome ſmutty *Joke*.

And now, by CLARA it was blown
Where *Bride* and *Bridegroom* both were gone,
When all, with GALFRED at their Head,
Went up, and catch'd them both in Bed;
The Stocking then in *Knot* was ty'd
For every one to fling at *Bride*,
Which when, with uſual *Uproar*, done
In juſt *Progreſſion*, *one* by *one*,

Good GALFRED order'd, in a trice,
Burnt *Elder Wine*, with *Cloves* and *Spice*,
Of which three *Tankards* being ſpent,
Away the reeling Rabble went,
And left them quietly enjoy
The lawful Means to get a Boy.

Thus far we think it fit to ſhew
How *Nature* operates *below*.
Our *modeſt Author* here has hid
What HUBERT thought, or *what* he *did*;
But this aſſures, JUETTA, gone
Nine Months with *Child*, brought forth a *Son*;
And HILDA too, t' increaſe the *Joy*,
The ſelf-ſame *Day* produc'd a Boy:
That GALFRED, with *triumphant Air*,
Rejoic'd he'd got a *Son* and *Heir*;
And all the *Country* round did *ring*
The wond'rous *Art* of *Doctor* K***.

The little CLARA, ſweeteſt Flow'r
To grace the *Front* of BEAUTY'S *Bow'r*,
By native *Charms*, unmix'd with *Art*,
Engag'd ſo ſtrongly HUBERT'S *Heart*,
That, five Years after, *both* became
One *Will*, one *Intereſt*, and one *Name*,
And in a neighb'ring *Farm* were plac'd,
By GALFRED'S gen'rous *Bounty* grac'd.

Thus ends the *Story* we relate,
To ſhew the *Bent* of human State;
And *hence* we dare *aſſert*, that all
Of *either Sex*, both *great* and *ſmall*,
From ADAM down to *you* that *read*,
Muſt *own*—"*That Nature ſtill will lead.*"

Tho' here we muſt, by juſt *Connection*,
Yet add this *cautious wiſe Reflection*;
—That *dang'rous Paſſions* of the *Mind*
Shou'd be, by *Reaſon*, well *confin'd*,
For *Honour* is the *ſureſt Guard*,
And *Virtue* only can *reward*.

BRITISH
25 FE 76

THE END.